

THE
WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

25th Year. No. 34.

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General.

TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1909.

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Price, 2 Cents.



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.



Glorifying in the Cross.

More of Such Officers Wanted for Java.

In the evening we held a service in the home of Karfa, a native Convert and Soldier, who gave a very clear and definite testimony to the power of God to save and keep.

The loneliness of our dear Officers in places such as this would be unbearable were it not for the fact that God has called them, and in all things and at all times is with them to help them. Thus they glory in their self-denying service for Christ, and continue faithful, knowing that the good seed sown will spring up and bear precious fruit.

In Java we need men and women who are really anxious to spend and be spent for God: men and women who are earnest, bright, cheerful, and full of faith. Such sentimentality is of no use here, but there is plenty of room for God-entire people possessed with a passion for humanity. Of Colonel Van Rossum could find out for fifty such at once. If the money also were forthcoming—All the World.

Forgive and Forget.

God-like to Do Both.

Dr. McKnight's children were playing in the garden when suddenly there was a crash of thunder from the sky, and flames and fire burst forth.

"But, but, some gravel down my back," little one sobbed.

"Go and kiss your sister and ask forgiveness," was his command to the boy.

"The boy instantly obeyed, but the child waved him back.

"Kiss him and forgive him," the father said kindly.

"I can't, pa," she cried.

"But you must."

"No, I can't! I can't!"

"But he has asked you, and you must, my daughter."

"Well, pa," she said, shrugging her shoulders, as if to get rid of that which worried her, "I can't while it scratches."

Aye, there is the trouble! While the sore smarted, while the pain is keen, while the wrong rankles, men find it hard to forgive.

But God, who commanded us to be like our Lord in love and forgiveness, will work these in us if we let

To perfectly forgive is to forget. And we are only God-like as we do both.—Australian Young Soldier.

Good Manners.

How Auntie Broke a Bad Habit.

Of the unconscious childish habit of staring about while drinking, instead of looking into the cup, I vividly remember being cured by an aunt, who would take her own cup in hand and show us how we looked, by putting the cup to her lips and rolling her eyes all round the table. Afterwards, if we were caught in the act, she would call out "Constable!" in a loud voice, so attracting the attention of everyone to our bad behaviour, and making us feel foolish, and, at the same time, laugh at the thought of looking like a policeman with his eyes everywhere at once.

To eat cake and jam at the same meal was never allowed; and because we kept to this rule when out at parties is, no doubt, the reason why we never suffered the next day, or had to take medicine and stay in bed, as so many children do.—British Young Soldier.

Hanging Milk on Hooks.

A Convenient Way of Keeping a Supply.

In winter time in Siberia milk goes to the buyer in a chunk instead of a quart. The people buy their milk frozen and for convenience it is allowed to freeze about a stick, which comes as a handle to carry it by. The milkman leaves one chunk or two chunks, as the case may be, at the house of his customers.

The children in Irkutsk, instead of crying for a drink of milk, cry for a bit of milk.

The people in winter do not say, "Be careful not to spill the milk," but "Be careful not to break the milk." Broken milk is better than spilled milk, though, because there is an opportunity to save the pieces.

A quart of frozen milk on a stick is a very formidable weapon in the hand of an angry man or boy, as it is possible to knock a person down with it.

Irish people hang their milk on hooks instead of putting it in pans. In spring they have to use the pans, as the milk begins to melt.—American Social Gazette.

and unique opportunities of service for the Kingdom in "God's Cathedral." Our Saviour preached in the open air and rose again and ascended into Heaven in the open air. He is coming again in the open air. The Army was born in the open air and has fought some of its greatest battles, and made some of its truest sacrifices and gained its greatest victory.

"In the open air our Army we prepare. As we rally round our blessed standard, there."

And winter's frosts and sleeting rains have not silenced the Soldier's brave song. For in all weathers the standard has been waved, the drums beaten, and the songs ascended.

But the calm of the summer's evening naturally offers greater opportunities for proclaiming the glad song, on mountain-side, sea shore, open field, or street corner.

Pray, then, dear comrade, and friend, that the Holy Spirit may give

Cutlets from Contemporaries.

A Cure for Doubters.

Get Busy and Doubts will Fly Away.

There is a legend that comes down from the early ages with regard to Thomas Didymus, one of the apostles which, whether true or no, is worth remembering for the lesson it teaches.

As will be seen by John x. 16; xiv. 5; xx. 20-29, Thomas was troubled with doubts and fears. The story goes that some years after the interview with the Lord, described in John xx., Thomas again fell into doubt. He went to first one apostle and then another to tell them of his troubles, but they were all so much occupied that they had neither time nor inclination to listen. He went to several devout women, but they, Dorcas-like, were far too busy and too short of time to listen.

It gradually dawned upon Thomas that possibly the reason why his brothers and sisters were so little troubled with doubts was that they were so busy. Accordingly the legend states that he went forth into Parthia, preaching and teaching the Gospel there and was never troubled with doubts any more.

The prevalence of doubt and uncertainty in modern times arises from the heart and life not being in accordance with the will of God. It is little use combating men's doubts and unbelief, these are only symptoms of the disease at the back. We need to get the heart and life right, then these things will rectify themselves.—Bandsman and Songster.

He Stuck to It.

A Very Queer Case of Conversion.

A number of years ago a young man, who had formed the bad habit of drinking intoxicating liquors, wandered into an Army Barracks and sat down. He was very drunk, but when invited to come to Christ, made his way to the penitent form, and, falling to his knees, fell fast asleep. On waking up, he struggled to his feet, and when asked if he was saved, answered, "Yes," and went home. Next morning his relatives, who had heard of his doings the night before, asked him about it, and were much surprised to find that he knew nothing of what he had done. On hearing the facts of the case, he said, "Well, if I really did do it, I will stick to it." He determined to

great union to all open-air work, and bring many souls into the Kingdom.

In many parts, too, Camp Meetings will soon be inaugurated. These too, should have special thought and interest.

A PLEA FROM THE WEST.

The prayers of the Praying League are earnestly requested for the Officers and Soldiers of a "hard go" in B. C., where the cloud is just as "big as a man's hand," that they may be of "one accord," so that the Holy Ghost may descend in our midst, and three thousand souls be won for the Kingdom.

A CASE OF SAD NEED.

One of the many letters that have come to my desk and made me feel how great a blessing this Praying League has already become, reached me to-night, and I would fain tell my

go to the meeting again that night, where he got fresh light and blessing. He afterwards became a Soldier, and he has now been a successful Officer for a number of years. Australian Cry.

A Soul-Fisher's Song.

Had a Great Effect on Cornish Fisher Folk

When The Army's work was commenced in Cornwall, a great impression was made on the fishermen by the singing in the meetings, to the tune of "Then awake, happy soul," the old song which ran as follows:—

Cast the net, catch the net.
Fish for souls, fish for souls.
Some are caught, some are caught,
But we mean to catch some more.
Yes, the fish are large, and the water's at the brink.
But the Salvation vessel will never, never sink.
No! the Salvation vessel will never, never sink.
While the Master stays on board.

Many a time the Gospel net was pulled in with good effect, while this was being sung. But when a few corps may be blessed with shoals of souls, a greater number of satisfactory captures are made by the individual effort of those who are real fishers of men, and who deal successfully with the individual. Surely there is no greater joy to a lover of souls than when a sinner comes to his feet and goes out to the penitent from seeking God's forgiveness—Victory.

More Important than Hero-Worship.

Some years ago, Mr. Gladstone, the great English statesman, was cutting a "free down" the soldiers were standing thickly around with for a chance to get the chief's autograph. One of them succeeded in putting a large chip, and was so delighted that he said, "to the crowd," "Well, this, when I die, this shall be my coffin!" This was too much for the sensible wife to bear, and here she said she said at once, "Sam, my lad, if I should worship God as thou wouldst Gladstone, I should stand a better chance of going where the chips could not burn."

A constant watching of our eyes interests to the evolution of all things, is selfishness, it is unchristian.

reads its story, but much of it is confidential, and I must only pass on its request to our prayer band. Our Sister who writes, says: "I am sure you will understand my plea will not fall upon deaf ears."

Indeed, I would assure this troubled and anxious Sister that our heart is ever open to her heart and in so far as it is possible, respect to the needs of those who write us, and who have found help and comfort in this column. We pass on then to our dear people, who know how to pray, the cry of a perplexed wife, who longs for the conversion of her husband. "Certain circumstances of the case prevent us being more explicit, and we are sure our heavenly Father will understand and give an answer of victory and peace. This Sister says: 'I always read the Praying League Notes first of all, and the desire and prayer for my husband fills my mind day and night.'"
Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

The Praying League

Special Topic: Pray especially for Camp Meetings, and open-air work, and for restoration of sick comrades.

Sunday, June 6th.—Samson's Riddle, Judges xiv. 1-18.

Monday, June 7th.—One Against Many, Judges xv. 1-14.

Tuesday, June 8th.—Samson's Weak Points, Judges xv. 1-15.

Wednesday, June 9th.—Helpless Without God, Judges xvi. 16-20.

Thursday, June 10th.—Daughter-in-Law, Ruth i. 11-22.

Friday, June 11th.—Eastern Master, Ruth ii. 1-13.

Saturday, June 12th.—Mother-in-Law, Ruth ii. 14-23; iii. 1-5.

SUMMER OPPORTUNITIES.

With the glorious warm summer days and evenings there are many

The Salvation Army Officer

As Guide, Philosopher, and Friend.

THE work of The Salvation Army amongst Young People is one of those undertakings which have sprung directly out of the personal efforts of the Chief of the Staff—Mr. Bramwell Booth. His faith in the great future work to be accomplished through the training of the youth of today, has kindled a like enthusiasm in those whom he has picked for this important department of labour. The Officers whose privilege and responsibility it becomes to conserve and develop the results of the Chief's private conferences with the Young People of Great Britain have no light task for which to prepare.

Central meetings for young men or women alone, or for both together, are held and lectures are given upon Health, Food, Clothes, Courtship, Marriage, Purity, Self-improvement and Spirituality.

All Salvationist Young People who need help they cannot get locally, are invited to correspond with the Counsellors appointed, and none of these letters are opened by others than those for whom they are intended. When the homes and surroundings of the majority of these Young People are considered, it will be seen that the correspondence must necessarily be largely of a private nature. Almost all of them are working for their living, many under such disadvantageous circumstances as would daunt many less earnest souls than they are encouraged to expect to be. Worldly families, ungodly relatives, persecuting workmates, surround them; and often under positively cruel conditions and immoral temptations, they are seeking to live the life of Jesus Christ, and to show His deliver- ing power.

A Wonderful Key.

All these subjects referred to at times perplex them, and to provide for those who need private counsel and advice is part of the work of the great Organisation to which they belong.

In speaking of her many-sided work, the Women's Counsellor says:—"The worst people I ever came in contact with have had some desire to be good; if one only gets near enough to them it can be surely felt. The man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Kindness is a wonderful key. Seeing the good in a person; keeping one's heart so tender that one is not always on the lookout for faults but for values; keeping strong one's own hope for each—these are needful if one would give the right kind of help.

One young man wrote to the Counsellor saying that he had been greatly troubled for some years by reason of certain unconfessed wrong. He was employed on the clerical staff of one of our great railways, and had risen to a fairly good position. The only way to advancement was to pass certain test examinations, which he had succeeded in doing, earning three promotions as a result.

His conscience troubled him, however, because of the fact that, through the faithfulness of another clerk, he had seen the question papers before the examination, and had, consequently, primed himself with the answers, thus gaining his advancement by unfair means.

A Pathetic Appeal.

The lad feared to make confession, because it would mean dismissal, and his parents, who were dependent upon his earnings, would suffer accordingly.

In his distress he confided in the Men's Counsellor, and, of course, was urged to make a full confession on. About this he felt terribly, until it was suggested that the Counsellor should see the railway officials himself. This was done, with the result that the lad was forgiven. He is now a Salvationist, and hopes eventually to become an Officer.

Home difficulties prompt many scores of letters. "What can I do with my drunken father?" runs one pathetic appeal for advice.

"I have a drunken mother," admitted a girl who sought encouragement at one of the Chief's meetings. "These clothes I wear to-day, will probably be pawned to-morrow, and I may not see them again for months."

"Is that statement correct?" was asked of a Local Officer standing near.

"Ah, yes," he replied, "that girl has lived in her wretched home as a true Christian for four years—and a lovely life it has been, too. Help her all you can!"

Another girl, who looks as clean and sweet as a daisy, comes from a dwelling that is oft-times like a veritable pigsty. Her mother is nearly always drunk; and, with nothing else on but a skirt, a jacket and an old shawl, she will array into The Army Hall, in search of her daughter, who sits on the platform. At sight of her the girl's lips may tighten a little, and her face flush with pain, but she slips quietly down, tenderly leads out the benighted wretch, and takes her home to bed. Not a word will she allow against the

failure of a mother, from anybody under the sun, but God and the Young People's Counsellor alone know the agony of it all.

The home of one poor lassie is a drink-shop, and although so young, she is literally forced by her mother to serve beer and spirits in the bar. "There is money in it," says the mother, "and you shall sell; I'll make you!"

Yet another is "mothering" a family of young children, and keeping her widowed father's house. She carries a terrible burden, however, that no one has ever guessed. The washing, cooking, mending, scrubbing, and nursing she does gladly, without a single regret that all her bright, young life is being spent on a woman's work without a woman's joy. The anguish lies in her ineffectual attempts to keep her father from fearful wretchedness. This is aching her. To find in the Young People's Counsellor a friend who will not fail her, whose help is quick, and whose advice is always ready, is indeed a comfort to this brave burden-bearer. She shares her sorrow, and is comforted and upheld.

The Comic Side.

Some of these girls need the burden wresting from them, rather than power given them to go on carrying it. Grace, for instance (just because that is not her name), has shown the sunny side of her Salvationism in her home for years. She and her mother have worked in a factory, and early and late she has toiled in order to keep the house bright and spotless; but the girl's wages have been forced out of her to the last halfpenny, and spent in drink. Woman though she is, she has been treated like a child of ten, and thrashed until her bruises became a serious thing.

At last matters reached a crisis, and Grace was hurried off to a good Salvationist's home. The mother sought until she found her, when she smashed every window of the house within reach. Grace was lodged elsewhere, but with the same result. At length the London Headquarters took the matter in hand, and Grace is using her life to-day to better purpose—using for others the lessons she learned in her school of sorrow.

But they are not all tragedies which claim the attention of the Counsellor. Sometimes it is health, and if the general ignorance were not so pitiful, it would possess a comic side. The Counsellor is obliged to study pretty closely the cause and effect of physical ills, with certain needful forms of treatment before she can advise in the varied cases that come before her.

Questions Asked.

But these cases are not ignored, or treated with a smile. "There is a reason for this," says the Counsellor, and forthwith sets to work to find it out and offer the right remedy—aided frequently, of course, by the Medical Officer of the International Headquarters.

In letters and lectures alike, the Counsellor insists upon rational eating, rational breathing, rational bathing, rational exercise, and the effects of such simple treatment are already showing themselves in the upbuilding of many weakened constitutions.

Difficulties regarding situations claim a good deal of attention. Sometimes it is the fault of the employer, sometimes the fault of the employed. Whatever it is must be found and dealt with. A legal question is frequently involved; ignorance on the part of a lad or girl must be enlightened, and assistance proffered where necessary. Many such queries as the following are put to the Counsellors on both sides:—

"There is Sunday trading carried on in my situation. As a Salvationist, ought I to leave?"

"They sell drink in the shop where I serve. Although I am not required to measure it out, ought I to countenance the sale by remaining?"

"I am an artist's model, and know how to do nothing else. But I have been converted; ought I to give up my livelihood?"

"I spend all my life in waiting to fashion—I am a milliner. I know no other trade. What shall I do?"

"I am in service, and am hard at it from 6.30 a. m. to 11.30 p. m. Is it wrong to complain? I am always so tired?"

"My fellow-servants torment me all the time, because I am a Salvationist. They throw drink over me because I refuse it. Ought I to go on putting up with it? Would it be cowardly to leave?"

"I have been suddenly paid off from my situation and must leave in a day or two," wrote one girl. "I do not want to be a burden on my mother while seeking another place, but have only my month's money. Where can I go?"

In a few hours after the receipt of the letter, the young woman was received into one of our Holiday Homes, where the fee was so low that she could rest in comfort of mind while looking for a place.

"How shall I study the Bible?" is a question of frequent repetition and of ailing profit.

The subject of Restitution has a large place in this correspondence, and numberless are the instances of petty theft, hidden for many years, but acknowledged at the bidding of the Spirit of Light, who has shown the evil as a soul hindrance. For many cases the Counsellor has interviewed the old employer, carrying the known or estimated amount of forgotten depredations, and invariably taking back to the transgressor, an assurance of forgiveness. In one case a mistress acknowledged the restitution with a kindly letter of interest, adding as a postscript—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

More than one or two late employers of labour, who previously had no good word to say for The Salvation Army, have relaxed into wonderment and relenting when they have received sums from those giving up as lost, or frequently whose disappearance was not even suspected. "If that is what you teach your people I hope you'll live for ever!" ejaculated one much-surprised man.

Often a confession of wrong is needful when restitution is not required. For instance, a servant abstracted a book from her master's library for the pleasure of reading it, having no thought whatever of theft. The loss was discovered, the girl talked with it, her denial accepted but not believed. Finding herself under a cloud she changed her situation—leaving the book behind her in an odd corner. At an Army meeting the truth she had told rose up before her as an insurmountable barrier to the pathway of holiness. She came to the penitents and promised to acknowledge her fault to those whom she had wronged.

Restitution is always most strictly insisted upon in all counsels given to penitents and convicted persons.

MAJOR SIMCO AND CAPT. GOLDEN AT ESSEX.

Forty-seven Seekers at the Mercy Seat.

The Lord certainly blessed Essex Corps during the revival campaign. Many cheering events crowned the efforts put forth in the interest of the Kingdom. One day's story led her aged father to the cross, where full surrender brought pardon and peace to the dear old man. He had never been converted and his daughter, who is a Soldier of the Corps, tearfully praised God for saving her father.

"One more in the family must be saved," she remarked; "then we are all saved." Lord's day morning. Another dear man and his wife knelt side by side at the mercy seat, and found cleansing in the precious blood. The husband was on the march next evening. That's the style of victory, reader, isn't it?

We must not forget mention of the surrender of a father and daughter. Together they bowed before the cross, and cried to God for pardon and cleansing. God heard their prayers, and faith sealed the promise, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Last Sunday morning was a clear victory. The walls of Jericho fell! Hallelujah! Twenty-nine Soldiers lined the penitent-form and cried to God as one man. Where division and misunderstanding had held sway, His wonderful love swept in, and oh praise His name, we meant it when we sang—

"Life's too short to trifle,
I need Thee every hour;
Come Lord, and give us again,
The old-time power."

We didn't forget to spend some of the time with the Juniors, nine of whom came to Jesus. The Junior Work is fair to go ahead under the guidance of Captain Hale, who is taking the W. P. Work well in hand. Forty-seven persons came forward during the campaign. We had a hallelujah wind-up to our meetings. A march round the Barracks drew the Sunday night meeting to a finish.

—H. G.

A Day at the Toronto Salvage Store.

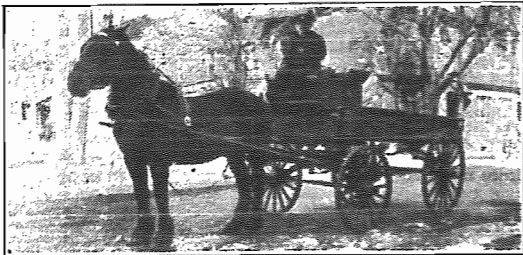
What is Being Done for Unfortunate Men, and How the Poor Benefit by Their Labours.

WITH a view to finding out what is being done by our Salvage Department at Toronto, we recently despatched a representative of the War Cry to spend a day at the store we have opened on Queen Street. So for the time being he became assistant to Adjutant Sims, helping to serve the customers who streamed in and out all day, and taking mental notes of all that happened on the premises. As a result of his observations he has reached the conclusion that the Salvage Store has more than justified its existence, and is proving a real boon to poor people. Just here we might state that the primary reason for the starting of this work was to provide food and shelter, and temporary employment for men who, through misfortune, were destitute and homeless, yet willing to work for their living. A secondary reason, really the outcome of the first, was to help poor people obtain clothing and furniture at very low rates. Keeping these two points in view, therefore, our representative endeavoured to discover to what extent the Salvage Department was fulfilling its mission. On making a tour of the premises he ascertained



A Great Demand For Children's Clothing.

fortune dogged his footsteps after that, and, try as he would, he could obtain no other situation. At last he and his wife came to the end of their resources. The woman happily found a situation as domestic servant, but the man had to walk the streets, and



One of the Salvage Vans.

that on the second floor was a large room, containing about a score of beds. Many interesting stories could be told about those who occupy them, but we have only space for one. It is a typical case, however. One day a big wholesale firm rang up the Adjutant on the telephone and asked him if he could help a poor fellow who was down and out. He readily agreed, and the man was sent to the Salvage Department. At one time, the Adjutant ascertained, he had held a very good position, but, owing to the failure of the company he worked for, was forced to give it up. Mis-

was reduced to a pitiable plight when The Army took his case in hand. He was re-clothed and supplied with meals and lodging, not being treated as an object of charity, however, but being given a chance to earn his own living, which was what he most desired. At first he sorted rags and waste paper, but after he had been with The Army for a month, the Adjutant was able to secure him a position elsewhere, and three weeks later he got him a still better job. He is now reunited to his wife, and they are again on the road to comparative prosperity. The timely help given him just tided him over the worst of his difficulties, and perhaps saved him from suicide. There are many men with similar stories of non-success, who now thank God that The Army lifted them out of the depths. To find out what benefits are being conferred on poor folk we must descend to the store and watch the procession that is constantly moving in and out.

Work begins at 7 a. m. in the Salvage store, and the first thing to be done is to instruct the drivers—there are four of them—at what houses to call during the day. Cards have been previously left at these houses intimating that cast-off clothing, old rubber, newspapers, magazines, old furniture, etc., would be called for if the householder had any such things to dispose of. Off go the waggons, therefore, and now the telephone calls begin to get more frequent, as persons apply for work to do work for them, such as beating carpets or disengaging gardens. From the group of men standing around the door, the Lieutenant selects as many as are required, and sends them off to do the work. Over one hundred

men per month are thus provided with temporary employment. People now begin to come to the store to get their things supplied, and many pathetic stories are poured into the ears of the Adjutant and his assistants during the day. Here comes a little girl, holding her smaller brother by the hand. She has a wistful expression on her face as she timidly advances to the counter and peers over the top of it.

"Well, what do you want, my little dear?"

"If you please, sir, I don't want nothing, but my brother Jimmie hasn't got no boots or stockings, and mother sent me round to ask if you could let him have some for five cents. It's all the money my mother has to spare, and Jimmie has to go to a Sunday School concert to-morrow, and he will be dreadful disappointed if he has to stay home, 'cause of having no boots to put on."

All this was spoken rapidly and with eagerness, as the little girl looked up appealingly at the man behind the counter. Her request would have melted a heart of stone, and, needless to say, Jimmie was soon trotting off home, clad in some nice boots and stockings. Later on, another little girl appeared. Her story was even more pitiful. She wanted some clothes for her brother.

"Where is he?" she was asked. "Oh, I couldn't bring him with me, because he's got nothing to wear," was the reply, "but, I guess I can tell what'll fit him, and please, mister, can you let me have the things for fifteen cents, 'cause it's all mother has got."

Soon she, too, was on her homeward way, bearing in her bundle of clothing, and no doubt, the poor struggling mother was overjoyed to be able to clothe her boy so cheaply.

There is a great demand for children's clothing at the Salvage Store, and many hard working mothers, who have a big struggle to make both ends meet, must surely bless the day on which such a place was started in the city. One of them now comes in. She has five children with her, and from their appearance they sadly need fitting out afresh. For a few dollars she is able to get them coats, hats and boots, and they go off in great glee. Another captain-looking mother, with one baby in arms and another tugging at her skirts, now appears. She wants to know if she can get a new coat. She is provided with one for 25 cents, and is thus able to wheel her baby around instead of tiring herself out by carrying it all the while. Here comes a man who says he has a job to go to, if he only had a pick and shovel. He is soon fixed up. Then comes a man who says that he would stand a better chance of getting a job if he only had a decent suit of clothes. He is supplied at a very moderate cost.

A peculiar case next comes to our notice. A man has had all his clothes except his coat, stand up in store from him at his boarding-house, and can't afford to get a new supply. He is fitted out afresh at a price within his means. And so they continue to come all the day long. For hats, boots, overcoats, and thus, what the rich throw aside is gladly made use of by the poor, who contrive to patch and darn and mend the old garments and make them serviceable for a long time. One poor old lady, who brought a large family to provide for, thought she had struck a bonanza when she came upon a pile of old socks and stockings. She very quickly filled a bag with them, and went off to darn them for her boys and girls, who will now be set up for months to come.

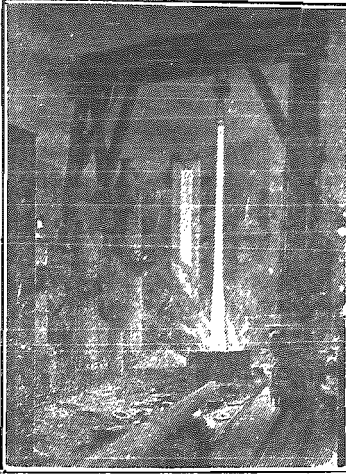
About 1,200 people are thus supplied with clothing each month, the small charge made barely covering the cost of collecting and distribution. In addition to this, there are about two hundred persons who are supplied with clothing and furniture entirely free. Their circumstances are always investigated and goods supplied according to their need. In one case, especially heartrending, about \$120 worth of stuff was given. A mother and daughter lived in the room. The daughter was dying of cancer, and the mother was unable to go to work on account of having to attend her. Another

(Continued on page 12)



I Want a Pair of Boots For Jimmie.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.



Hardening With Oil: a Great Gun in the Making.



Steel Like Clay in the Hands of the Potter.



At a Silver rolling Mill: Filling the Moulds.

Honour for a Brave Queen.

King Manuel of Portugal has bestowed upon Queen Amelie, his mother, the decorations of three orders for the heroism she displayed on the occasion of the assassination of her husband and son in February, 1908. The King's decree briefly summarizes the incident. It will be remembered that after King Carlos and Crown Prince Luis had been shot dead, the Queen, with noble courage and maternal instinct, flung herself in front of her son Manuel, and endeavored to thrust aside the weapon of Costa, levelled at him. Her escape was remarkable. The bullet struck her corsage, was deflected, and grazed the forehead of the Prince. The cabinet has given its unanimous approval to these decorations, never before conferred upon a woman. His Majesty has decorated also the policeman who shot Costa, the man who killed the King, giving him the order of the Tower and the Sword. This decoration endows the recipient with the rank of an officer, and entitled him to a royal pension.

West Shaken by Earthquake.

The Canadian West was recently shaken by an earthquake, the shock extending over the vast area of country between New Ontario on the east and Swift Current on the west, Prince Albert on the north, and St. Paul on the south. This is a strange occurrence on the prairies, and some alarm was felt. No serious damage was done, however.

There is said to have been a similar disturbance here many years ago, although there is no authentic record of it excepting the memory of pioneers, but the prairies have always been regarded as peculiarly immune from earthquakes, owing to their distance from the centres of volcanic action, mountains or volcanoes, and also from the fact that the earth's crust here is of solid formation. Actual earthquakes are regarded as almost impossible, and it is, therefore, argued by authorities that the disturbance is but the faint echo of some mighty convulsion of the earth in another section of the globe.

Rewards for the Humane.

In order to encourage kindness to animals, a new department was made in Dresden a few days ago, when seven drivers of the street cleaning department were publicly decorated in the presence of a large crowd for the humane care of their horses. Work was temporarily suspended, and all the employees of the department assembled to witness the ceremony. In a speech which the head of the department made, he pointed out that the obtaining of such a medal was a good mark, and count-

ed towards promotion. A similar movement has been started in Manhattan by holding parades of truck drivers, with prizes for the best kept horses. The influence of such proceedings, especially on the young, must be good.

One speaker at the Brooklyn presentation of medals praised the women, who do so much for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and appealed to them to aid in the crusade against the needless slaughter of birds for the decoration of women's hats. They would help in the preservation of bird life by refraining from wearing plumage, and discouraging its use in others.

The growth of such sentiments is heartily to be desired.

Pilgrims and Strangers.

How firmly the Jews cling to their traditions is well illustrated by the following:

People passing Lord Rothschild's mansion in Piccadilly, London, often notice that the end of one of the corridors is unfinished. The explanation of this is both simple and suggestive. Lord Rothschild is an orthodox Jew, and every pious Jew's home, tradition says, must have some part unfinished to bear witness to the world that his occupier is only, like Abraham, a pilgrim and stranger upon the earth. The incomplete corner of the mansion in Piccadilly is to intimate that Lord Rothschild is nothing but a pilgrim travelling to eternity.

The idea is good, but we should have that truth engrained on our hearts. "For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come," should be the Christian's motto.

Protest Against Big Armaments.

A conference of business men, representing fifty-eight chambers of commerce from nineteen States of America and from Canada, recently met at Mohawk Lake. They adopted a resolution urging President Taft to "take the initiative in leading the nations to a concurrent limitation or reduction in the armies and navies of the world."

The most emphatic address of the day was given by J. Allen Baker, a Canadian-born member of the British Parliament, who emphasized the commonwealth of the United States and Canada as an example for the nations of what the absence of armaments and for ill-effects on an international boundary would do to promote peace.

Rev. Frederick Lynch, pastor of the Pilgrim Church, New York, declared that "it is the shame of the age that every church in Germany, England and America is not protesting against these great pagan, overwhelming armaments."

Mr. Richardson, of Philadelphia, presented a report of a special committee, showing that nearly 200 leading chambers of commerce and boards of trade in all the large cities of the country, were co-operating with the conference in promoting international arbitration.

It is to be hoped that there will be some practical outcome of this conference, for the burden of taxation in order to keep up large armaments is getting heavier. Some better method of settling international differences can surely be adopted by civilized nations than the barbarous one of going to war.

A Race with Death.

The crew of the British schooner Roanoke recently had a very narrow escape from sinking in the Atlantic. The Roanoke left Spain on March 15, bound for Newfoundland with a load of salt. Bad weather was experienced, and the beginning of her end came when a giant sea struck her deck-house. Seeing that he could not make his port, the skipper turned about and started to run for Taral, the nearest land, then 150 miles distant. It was a race with death, and they only won because of the foresight of their skipper.

One of the seas had smashed the small boat. Knowing that the sinking of the Roanoke was only a question of hours, Captain Arnesen had the men repair the small boat as best they could. For eight days the men pumped, while the vessel was being worked up and down to land. The men left the Roanoke in the boat when they were 25 miles from land, the water then being ankle deep on the deck of the schooner. It was hours before they reached land, one man having to bail while the others rowed.

Soap in India.

We call the following from the United States Consular and Trade report:

For thousands of years the natives of India have used mud for cleansing and brushing their brass cooking utensils and water jars, and for all cleansing purposes. Rubbing the body with mustard oil is better in their estimation than the lather of soap, yet the use of soap among the masses of India is on the increase, as attested by the frequency with which one sees the coolie stevedores and cool carriers using it along the Ganges. The travelling representative of a soap factory states that he is selling soaps to native merchants in bazars where a few years ago there was no demand whatever, and he is of the opinion that the natives are taking to soap more and more each year, but up to this time they are satisfied with the cheaper grades.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Hardening With Oil: A Great Gun in the Making.

The vertical metal towers shown in the drawing are furnaces lined with brick, and are used for heating tubes for guns in the process of oil-hardening. The tubes are placed in the furnaces, are heated to a specified heat, and are then picked up by the crane shown, which is a travelling crane, capable of lifting a hundred tons. The tubes are carried to a position over a large tank sunk vertically in the ground and filled with oil, and are lowered into it until completely immersed, and left there to cool. To reduce the height of the lift, the furnaces are so constructed that their sides open and make it possible to take the tubes from the furnace in a horizontal direction. An oven furnace is shown in the background. The tube illustrated (an "A" tube for a 12-inch 12-in. gun) is some fifty-four feet long in the state shown. Directly the tube touches the oil the latter bursts into flame, but this stops as soon as the tube is completely immersed. These pictures are reproduced from the illustrated London News.

Steel Like Clay in the Hands of the Potter.

Such a hammer as the one here illustrated, beats steel into shape. As the potter kneads the clay in his hands, his hammer is economic, but it is power that is regulated, a mallet. All of us, in the days of our youth, have heard stories of apparently marvellous doings with a watch-bow, the watch could be placed between the hammer, and the hammer sent crashing down towards it, to stop a fraction of an inch above the glass. It would be too much to say, perhaps, that watches are often treated in this way, but it is a fact that a hammer is often tested with the aid of an egg, it being brought down upon the egg with terrific force, and yet checked in such a manner that it merely cracks the shell.

Casting German Silver-Pouring the Metal into the Moulds.

In the casting of German silver, which is a mixture of nickel, copper, and spelter, the first process is to run down the nickel and copper in equal parts, into the pot after this has been done it is again washed out, put into the crucible and placed into the furnace, when a further quantity of copper is added, together with spelter, according to the quality required. When these alloys are melted, they are withdrawn from the furnace and poured into moulds of various sizes to suit the purposes required, when they are ready for rolling.

PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS.



An Officer's Tactics.

He was a great dog-fancier, and—we must say it—a rogue. The Adjutant of the local Corps one day heard of these facts, and decided to pay the man a visit.

Now, it so happened that the Officer had in his possession a beautiful greyhound, which was greatly admired. Why shouldn't I interest The Army-hater? the Adjutant thought. Anyhow, it would be a good introduction.

The dog-fancier frowned, as from his parlour window, he saw the Adjutant striding up to the door, but was somewhat mollified when he espied the greyhound.

Throughout the entire conversation which ensued, the Adjutant talked principally of dogs, and thus won the man's interest. Afterward, he gave him a hint that it wouldn't be a bad plan if he came round to the Hall some night, just to look at the Army.

So one night the man came. Dogs were out of the question then, and the Adjutant's message went home to the poor sinner's heart.

He knelt at the mercy seat, claimed salvation, and is now widely known as the Colour-Sergeant of a Nova Scotia Corps.

And it all came about through a dog.

He Saw His Wife There.

A British Columbian Indian journeyed from his tribal settlement to a busy town on the Skeena River. Like many of his comrades, he had a great desire for the dollar.

One Saturday he strolled into the town, and there, for the first time in his life saw some peculiarly dressed people. They were Salvationists, an Indian, uneducated and uncouth as he was, listened intently to their singing and speaking, and went away greatly impressed. The "Great Mission" (God) touched his heart again on the Sunday morning, when, from his bedroom window, he saw and heard the happy Salvationists.

"The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." The words rang out at that peaceful Sunday morning, and the Indian heard them. He drew himself quickly and followed the march to the Hall, where he saw his wife, who had found salvation at the mercy seat on the previous night.

This was enough for the poor Indian. Soon he flung himself at the penitential form and cried to God for forgiveness.

To-day, our comrade is known as Bandmaster Stewart, of an Alaskan Corps.

Is God Ever Cruel?

A writer says: "The more one knows of the most afflicted lives, the more often the conviction flashes across us that the affliction is not a wanton outrage, but a delicately adjusted treatment. I remember that once, to a friend of mine, was sent a rare plant, which he set in a big

flower-pot close to a fountain basin. It never thrived; it lived, indeed, putting out in the spring, a delicate, stunted foliage, though my friend, who was a gardener, could never divine what ailed it. He was away for a few weeks, and the day after he was gone the flower pot was broken by a careless garden boy, who wheeled a barrow roughly past it; the plant, earth and all, fell into the water; the boy removed the broken pieces of the pot, and seeing that the plant had sunk to the bottom of the little pool, never troubled his head to fish it out. When my friend returned, he noticed, one day in the fountain, a new and luxuriant growth of some unknown plant. He made careful inquiries, and found out what had happened. It then came out that the plant was in reality a water-plant, and that it had pined away in the stifling air for want of nourishment, perhaps, dimly longing for the fresh bed of the pool.

Even so, has it been at times without number, with some starving and thirsty soul that has gone on feebly trying to live a malformed life, shut up in itself, ailing, feeble. There has descended upon it what looks at first like a calamity, some affliction unaccountable and irreparable; and then it proves that this was the one thing needed, that sorrow has brought on some latent usefulness, or suffering energized some unused faculty of strength and patience.

What a Song Did.

A song often accomplishes what spoken words cannot. This fact was shown a short time ago, when an old man, a backslider, lay on his deathbed. He was visited by an Army Officer, who vainly endeavoured to get the poor old man to again accept salvation by faith.



But his mind and will were weak, his faith small, and no light broke in upon his soul.

Suddenly the Officer was reminded of an old, old song. It was this:

There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming;
A radiance from the Cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

With a low, sweet voice, he sang the verse and chorus, again and again, anxiously watching the aged man's face.

That song won a soul. Tears coursed down the old man's furrowed cheeks, and, with some effort, he cried out, "I can see the gates opening now; they're opening for me."

And with these words on his lips and a smile on his face, he returned wanderer went to join the ransomed hosts above.

The Principle of the Thing.

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature, and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fail to purchase a tract of land which had been "laxed over" for years. Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting wool, and would pick in red-hot to fight that inefface question on his own book. That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming

across the field one day. Said Hackett: "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"Your fence is over on my land two feet at one end, and one foot at the other end."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet, set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbour, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused, abashed; he had been ready to commence the old struggle, both tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbour stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett:

"Sign re," said he, "what fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There won't be nothing in the fight anyway but the principle of the thing."

Saved in a Bar Room.

"Clear out, Salvation Army, and never set foot in this place again." With these words the hotel bartender showed a Cadet the door.

The latter was not easily frightened at such interference, however, and accordingly, on his next War Cry round, again stalked into the bar-room. Some soul might be glad to see The Army but, he thought, and who knows he might win a poor drunkard to God?

With these possibilities in mind, he moved among the drunken, cursing crowd in the saloon, without even falling under the awful gaze of the bartender. But another man particularly not cool him, and pulled the Cadet aside, where, in a corner, he knelt and cried to God for forgiveness. And then the Cadet felt happy.

Could his perseverance have been better rewarded?

God Answered the Captain's Prayer.

"Say, Left, I do so want to attend those Councils, and yet, here we are with hardly money enough to keep things going. What can we do?"

The Captain spoke, feelingly, but all that "God" could do was to express a similar desire, and suggest extra work and prayer.

A few cents were the results of the first day's extra push, but, nevertheless, the two little Officers kept up their faith and works for three weeks.

Returning home the night before the Councils began, the Captain told her companion that she still felt God would supply the need, even at the eleventh hour.

They knelt together in prayer, and were preparing to retire for the night, when a knock at the door caused the captain to give a knowing look at her Lieutenant.

The stranger said that God had directed him to the Quarters, and with a "God bless you," he left a \$10.00 bill in the Captain's hand. That was all, but the Captain rejoiced.

He Met His Match.

A little Salvationist, War Cry in hand, one day entered a saloon in a certain Ontario city. The place was almost full of men, but the Cryer was not sold very rapidly. Suddenly a big burly fellow stepped from a group of men with whom he had been conversing, and tapped the lassie on the shoulder.

"Say, miss," said he, leaning at the girl; "how would it do for me to propose to you?"

The bonneted lassie paused for a moment, and then, looking her bold suitor, replied, "Do you think that I would ever marry a man who hadn't gumption or strength enough to keep



out of the hotel where he spends all his hard-earned money."

He evidently did not for, and the laughter of his claims, the big fellow slunk off, leaving the lassie with the crowd of men, who rewarded her for her apt reply, by each one buying a Cry.

Band Chat.

An Irish newspaper containing the portrait of a Belfast fireman, together with a short account of his recent exploits, was handed him by the War Cry office the other day.

Fireman Wm. Hardy is a Belfast man of the No. V. Corps, Belfast. When at a recent fire, he was rendered unconscious by whiskey fumes and smoke. He resolutely refused the whiskey proffered him under medical advice. His action has since been the subject of a magazine article, and a testimonial society meeting.

Toronto I. Bandmen recently gave a musical evening, the proceeds going towards the Band's S.D. Tape. The programme was much enjoyed. The players are making marked progress.—J. G. L.

Lisgar Street.—Bandman Wheatley (late Bandmaster of an American S. A. Band) has returned, and is now giving great assistance to our Band with the soprano cornet.

Bandmen Austen and I Lewis have also put in an appearance at the old Corps-Lisgar Street, the former coming from the U. S. A., and the latter from Montreal.

A VISIT FROM THE MUSICAL TRIO

London it was glad to welcome Adjutant Hackett, Captain McGorman and Elmer Bissett on Monday evening. We had heard great reports of the "Wonderful Three," and I am glad to say no one was disappointed. The Adjutant is an old friend with the London people. We can repeat victory as regards our Self-Denial singer.—B. Ward.



Bandmaster Graham, Bradford's Champion S.D. Cornet who smashed his target three times over, by collecting sixty dollars.

PERSONALITIES.

Adjutant Hudson writes saying that he is improving in health very nicely.

* *

Ensign Trask, of Pilley's Island, Newfoundland, is, at present very poorly in health.

* *

Mrs. Captain Bigelow is, we regret to say, very seriously ill, at Tanning, N. S.

* *

Captain Geraldine Holland, late of the Pacific Province, has gone to her home in Bowmanville, on furlough, her health being far from good just now.

* *

Captain Matter has just returned from his furlough in England, and will take an appointment at once.

* *

The Captain, who also conducted a party of emigrants on the "Tunisian," across the Atlantic, shared the unenviable experience of being wedged in the ice-fields off Cape Race for about forty hours.

"WIR WERDEN SIEGEN."

Regina's German Corps Started.

Boom! Boom! Boom! went the drum, and eyes and ears were all attention in the foreign part of Regina City.

It was Sunday evening, May 16th, when a small crowd of faithful Salvationists, with the big drum, assembled in front of the hotels in Germantown. Soon a crowd assembled, and an open-air meeting, conducted mostly in German, was in full swing. The leader was a canny Scot, and he was rolling off German by the yard. We could not understand what he was saying, at least the British portion of us could not, but as soon as he started the tune, we knew what it was, and when he rang out the chorus in German—"Wir werden siegen," and in English, "We shall win," we fairly shouted it out, for we meant it. The crowd of Germans looked on and appeared to be very interested. Testimonies and choruses followed in rapid succession, and at the close of the meeting we started off for the Hall that has been acquired for our meetings in another portion of the suburb.

Boom! boom! boom! again rang out the drum, and the crowd followed. They filled the Hall. The major portion of the Corps marched off to their own stand, holding another open-air, again attracting a big crowd, followed by a splendid meeting—which is another story.

And so the German work in our city was started, the leader being Brother Gibson, who was assisted by two German-speaking friends. On the Tuesday following the first meeting, out of a small crowd, four fine cases of conversion resulted.—Schau Auf.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. TAYLOR AT LIPPINCOTT.

Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor, accompanied by Captain Mortimore, conducted very interesting, and well-attended meetings at Lippincott last Sunday. A splendid feeling prevailed, and at the night's meeting one soul surrendered to Christ.

GREAT TIMES AT BERLIN.

A Divisional Demonstration, Led by Brigadier Potter and Major Hay.

Brigadier Scott Potter, assisted by Major and Mrs. Hay, Divisional Officers, conducted a series of special meetings in the Berlin Barracks and Opera House, last week-end, May 22-23. The Guelph Citadel Brass Band was also present, and rendered several musical meetings, both on the street and in the Hall and Opera House. Large crowds assembled to hear the Band at the various Open-air services.

The meetings indoors were, indeed, of a high order. The Brigadier spoke with power in the Sunday morning service, dealing with the fall of man and the possibility of rising to a higher state of Christianity and holiness.

At night the Brigadier spoke from the text, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" and in a forcible manner made plain to those present, the fundamental truths of the Gospel.

On Monday, being Victoria Day, it was decided by Major Hay, that it should be, so far as The Army was concerned, celebrated in an unusual way, by having a gigantic demonstration; members from the several neighbouring Corps being present.

In the morning the Stratford Brass Band and their Officers, Ensign Redmond and Captain Greenglade, and the Soldiers, and Captains Langer and Pollitt and the Sold of the Guelph Corps; Lieutenants Miller and Jones, and Soldiers from Hespler, arrived at the station and marched to The S. A. Citadel, the Band rendering some beautiful selections on the way down.

At 10 a. m., a reception was given to the visiting comrades at The S. A. Citadel, and a Bandmen's, Corps-Cadets' and Soldiers' Council conducted, Major Hay delivering the chief address.

About 1 p. m., Adjutant and Mrs. Walker, the Brass Band and Soldiers from Galt, arrived. Also Lieutenant Hanselman, from Orangeville.

At 2 p. m., two large open-air services were conducted on the street, at the conclusion of which the Bands, Officers and Soldiers, formed in a procession and marched to the public park, where a programme was rendered by the different Bands, Officers, and Corps-Cadets, in a very capable manner. A very unique and imposing demonstration, including a March Past followed, and in the Citadel, a tea was prepared for the Bandmen, Officers and Soldiers.

At 7 p. m., another great open-air service was conducted on the street, and at 8 p. m., the last Service of the campaign was conducted in the Hall, which was crowded to the doors. Many beautiful Band selections, duets and solos were rendered, after which Brigadier Potter gave a short, but stirring address on two words, namely, "The End."

The Officers of the local Work, Captain Beerfort and Lieutenant Perrett and their Band, Soldiers and friends, worked hard to make the meetings a success, and had the joy of knowing they were such.

The meetings at Toronto 1. were conducted by Brother Baker, the converted clown, on Sunday, May 16th. The people were very interested, and three souls sought salvation.

LISGAR STREET BAND ON TOUR.

Information has come to hand that the visit of the Lisgar Band to Uxbridge and Lindsay during the recent holiday, was the most successful of any visit made by this enterprising Band.

Leaving Toronto Saturday evening at 5 o'clock, accompanied by the Corps Officer, Ensign Trickey, and Captain Kelly, of T. H. Q., the Band arrived at Uxbridge in time to do a big open-air festival on the main street. The holiday crowds meant the train arriving a little late, but Captain Murlock and his Lieutenant were well pleased that the Band should consider them, and stop off.

At Lindsay, the Corps Officer, Captain Layman, with his Band was on hand to welcome the visitors—thirty in number—on arrival at about 10 p. m. After a march through the main street, all repaired to the Hall, where Captain Layman, with staff had a sumptuous repast all prepared. The Band Boys certainly were full of praises for the reception given.

Services were held on Sunday, at 11 a. m., 3, and 8 p. m., preceded by open-air, the Opera House at night being packed with close on 1,000 people. The meeting was all that could be desired, and much conviction was felt. The Bandmen sang, pleaded, and prayed. One woman came out earnestly seeking deliverance. On Monday morning the Band boys went sight-seeing, etc.

In the Park during the afternoon, crowds gathered to hear the music. At night a festival was given, with Mr. Fox, M. P. P., in the chair. The Band is loud in their praises for the treatment received by Officers, and friends, at the billets and the Corps at large.

MUSIC GALORE AT DOVERCOURT.

Major and Mrs. Plant Charm the Crowds.

Major and Mrs. Plant were at Dovercourt, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 22, 23, 24. On Saturday the Major related his adventures in Norway. All day Sunday the Hall was well filled with interested crowds. The Major sang and played the ancient lute at each service.

On Monday we had a real musical treat, when Major and Mrs. Plant took us round the world in a chariot of music and song.

Speaking personally, I have been in eight different countries and have heard some of the greatest musicians of the day, but as an all round musical genius, I have yet to meet the equal of Major Tom Plant.

On Thursday evening (May 20th) the Band gave us a musical festival. The chair was taken by Y. P. S. M. Mason. The various pieces and selections were certainly well rendered, and show great improvement in the Band. Amongst other items may be mentioned a snare drum selection by Bandmen Meadows, a Monstrous bass solo by Sergeant-Major Heard, and a cornet duet by Deputy Bandmaster and Mrs. Moore—Corps Cor.

The Musical Trio has just paid a visit to Aymer. The music and singing was certainly enjoyed by all. On Sunday evening the Orange Hall was packed. We were sorry our visitors could not stay longer.

Captain Myers recently enrolled several comrades under the Blood and Fire Flag.

CAMP MEETING NOTES.

By S. E.

Arrangements for the Annual Camp Meetings are going forward toward a very satisfactory conclusion.

* *

We are pleased to say that a number of applications for tents have been forthcoming, and rumor has it that there are more to follow.

* *

We should strongly advise our comrades and friends to lose no time in writing the Provincial Commander, Brigadier Taylor, if they wish to be included in the happy crowd of campers in the piney Dufferin Grove.

* *

Ample accommodation will be provided, cooking facilities will be available, and two weeks' of real camp life can be enjoyed at minimum cost.

* *

A digest of the programme outlined on page sixteen, certainly reveals a variety of meetings that will meet the demands of the most exacting.

* *

Band Festivals and spectacular services will give an opportunity for the presentation of the greatest array of Army talent.

* *

Holiness addresses will provide food for the deepening of spiritual life, while soul-stirring Holy Ghost appeals cannot help but bring about the surrender of a host of people to the claims of God.

* *

Pray! Pray!! Pray!!! for the success of these gatherings.

* *

The Commissioner will arrive back from his recent visit to the Indians, in time to conduct the first Sunday's meetings. He will be accorded a royal welcome, and his account of his travels will be of more than passing interest.

* *

Lay your plans to take in the first week-end meetings. Don't forget it dates: June 19th and 20th.

* *

More anon.

IMPRESSIVE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Toronto 1.—On Sunday, 9th May, a memorial service was held in memory of a dear Sister, Mrs. Rumble, who recently passed away. Her end was peaceful. Captain Townsend visited her just before she passed away, and she assured him that all was well.

Major Miller, of T. H. Q., (who, at one time was the Officer in charge of the Corps where she was a Soldier) conducted the meeting. He spoke well of our comrade, regarding her work as a Soldier under him. She was a hard worker, and a great War Cry booster.

Words of sympathy were expressed to the bereaved, by several comrades. The Band played "Promoted to Glory," on the march to the Hall, and in the memorial service, "We shall walk through the valley." A deep impression was made upon the survivors.

On Monday night a lecture was given by Adjutant Sims, entitled, "Through Hamlets of Modern Babylon." Adjutant McIlhenny, of Riverdale, took the chair. The service was greatly appreciated.—J. G. L.

THE WAR CRY

PRINTED for Thomas B. Conroy, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, North-West, Ltd., at 250 Queen St. W., by the Salvation Army Printing House, at 250 Queen St. W., Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink, on fly paper, and on both sides of the paper only. No matter how small, and all communications referring to the contents of this paper, or contributions for publication, or to the management of the paper, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE WAR CRY, 250 Queen St. W., Toronto. All communications, or contributions, or to the management of the paper, should be addressed to the Editor, THE WAR CRY, 250 Queen St. W., Toronto. All orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Conroy.

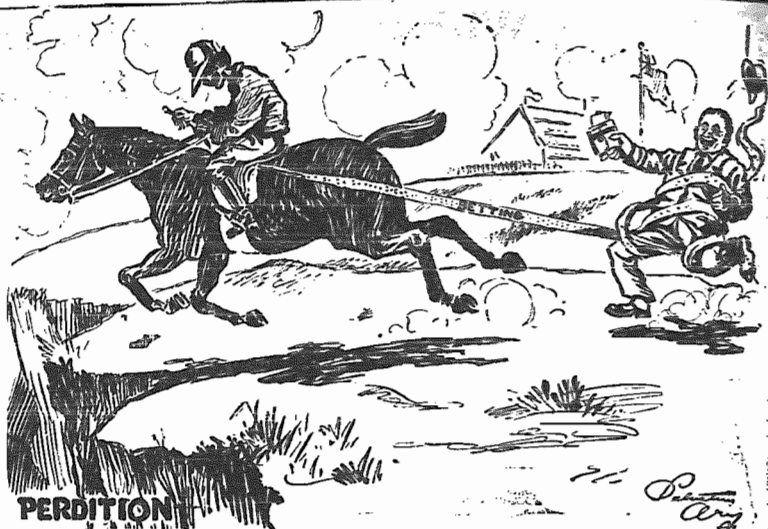
PEACE ON EARTH.

There seems to be considerable unrest amongst the great world powers at the present time. Rumours of wars are rife in various parts of the old world—wars of such magnitude as may come sweeping over the seas to the American Continent. One writer advises the cultivation of better relations between the various parts of the British Empire, and the United States, and proposes that the Americans should be officially invited to share in the future Empire Day celebrations, and England to celebrate an America Day. The idea is good enough—at any rate, the object in view is commendable, and we wish anything set on foot to promote the brotherhood of nations the best of success.

We wonder, however, if it is realized what an important part in brining about the brotherhood of man, The Salvation Army plays. The interchange of Officers—that is to say, British Officers going to all parts of the world, and foreign-speaking Officers going to all parts of the British Empire—must contribute materially to bringing about goodwill among men of different races and speech. Thus consider for instance what an effect the old Canadian Officers now in the United States must have upon those born under the Stars and Stripes. Colonels McIntyre, Marketts, Adde, and others, in their great positions of influence, must exercise a vast power in making harmonious feelings between men of the two nations; for, judging from what we have heard them say, when they have turned longing eyes toward the Dominion in the furthest season, they possess great affection for the Land of the Maple. This is how it ought to be.

Then, again, London is regarded as the Mecca of Salvationists. Every where, all eyes that gaze with joy upon the flag with the fiery star, think lovingly of Mile-end Waste, and Abney Park Cemetery. This feeling was touchingly illustrated some time ago, when Brigadier Yamamoto, the Chief Secretary of Japan, and a number of his companions, visited the place where The Army first began in Whitechapel, and the sacred spot in Abney Park Cemetery where the grave of The Army Mother is situated, and, stooping down, these grateful Orientals kissed the ground that was so intimately acquainted with what they hold in the most sacred regard.

This feeling is very widespread, and must conduce to the unity of the nations; and Salvationists everywhere should exert all their personal influence, and that which their various opportunities afford to break down everything like racial ill feeling, and strive to make all believe and act upon the principle that God has made of one blood, all nations and races of men, and pray for that time when wars shall be no more.



The Race Horse and Its Rider Take Many a Person to Ruin Don't Bet Lest You Be Dragged to Perdition.

A Stricken Family.

Salvationists Hasten to Console and Help the Bereaved Parents.

A SAD fatality recently occurred at Wyckwood, a suburb of Toronto, by which four children lost their lives. Owing to the upsetting of a lamp, the house in which they were asleep caught on fire. Mrs. Oldfield, the mother, managed to save one of the boys out of her family of five, but was unable to get to the others owing to the rapidity with which the blaze spread. She became frantic with horror, and ran screaming down the road. Just at this juncture, Captain Saeferro, the Officer in charge of the local Corps, met her, and did her best to calm the affrighted mother. The Captain also rendered assistance later on, in recovering the little bodies and preparing them for burial. As soon as Mrs. Colonel Mapp heard of the occurrence, she hastened to the spot to console the bereaved parents, Mrs. Brigadier Adby accompanying her. They found both parents overcome with grief.

"Oh, that I had died instead of my children," Mrs. Oldfield was moaning pitifully, while the little boy, who was terribly burned, was striving in

his childish way to comfort her.

Mastering the strong emotions that swept over her, Mrs. Mapp endeavoured to speak words of hope and consolation to the stricken mother, and before leaving she prayed earnestly and tenderly for the parents and the surviving boy. Both husband and wife expressed themselves as very grateful for the visit.

The funeral service of the little ones was held on May 24th, and was attended by over four thousand people. After the service in the church, a procession was formed, which slowly marched to Prospect Cemetery. The Wyckwood Band marched at the head of the procession, playing the Dead March in Saul. A number of Salvation Army Officers also marched to the cemetery.

As the four little white coffins were lowered into the graves, the onlookers were much moved, and few were the eyes that were not dimmed with tears.

Mrs. and Mrs. Oldfield have the sympathy and prayers of The Salvation Army in their sad and sudden bereavement. May God comfort and bless them.

ADVANCED TRAINING SECRETARY AT LONDON I.

League of Mercy Workers Commissioned.

London I. has been favoured with a visit from Lieut.-Colonel Southall, who gave a splendid lecture on "Midnight On the Thames Embankment." It was much enjoyed.

The week-end meetings, May 16-18, were also good. Staff-Captain Crichton, our D. O., was with us in the afternoon, and read the lesson. At night Adjutant Howell commissioned the League of Mercy workers, when Sisters Apted, Ford, Jarvis, Russell, Andrews, Dickinson, Mason, Norfolk, Wilson, and Mrs. Adjutant Williams received Sergeant's Com-

missions. Sister Andrews was appointed Sergeant-Major. Each spoke of the many blessings received while going amongst the sick and poor, after which Mrs. Adjutant Howell read from God's Word. Two persons found Salvation.—Candidate E. Mapes.

NEWS FROM RIDGETOWN.

Speedy week-end meetings were conducted at Ridgetown, by the Musical Trio. The crowds were good and everybody was delighted with the music.

Our S.D. Street has been smashed. Captain Tranki and Lieutenant Clark are hard at work painting and repairing our Hall. These men of God are not only good at preaching, but you ought to see them work.

Headquarters' Notes.

With regard to the work among the Germans at Regina, the Provincial Commander and the Chancellor write us saying that they have had a good start with four souls at the mercy seat. The outlook is hopeful. For the present, two week-night meetings will be held, and one on Sunday night. We are desirous of securing the services of an Officer who knows German. Will comrades who are acquainted with this language kindly communicate with the Chief Secretary.

Our comrades in Newfoundland are experiencing considerable inconvenience in the late breaking up of navigation. I have heard from a writer: "I left St. John's with Staff-Captain Carr, by a steamer for Hart's Harbour and other points in Trinity Bay; but unfortunately, we got jammed in the ice, and had to return to the city by train, without having made one port of call. The season is keeping so cold and the ice from the northern regions this year seems to be much greater than for the past twenty years." Staff-Captain Carr has also met with disappointment in having to return from a trip upon which he had started out, without being able to call at a single place.

Capt. Miller and his sister, Lieut. Miller, who recently lost their mother, had to return to the city after an absence of a fortnight, the steamer being unable to proceed any further on account of being jammed in the ice. Their wishes was a sad one, in that they were taking the body of their mother for burial at Fogo.

Little do some of us know of the many and great difficulties with which our comrades in the different parts of the Dominion have to contend. Let us continue to pray for our dear people, that God may give them all the grace, strength and courage they need from time to time.

Captain Golden, who has been working with Walter Steele for

four and a-half months, has fared well, and is proceeding to the United States. The Captain's health has not been able to stand the cold of Canada. She is taking an appointment in Southern California. The Captain rendered splendid service as a Spiritual Special, and we are sorry to lose her.

✱ ✱ ✱

Several of our Toronto Bands took advantage of the 24th of May holiday and visited some neighbouring Corps. The Chief Secretary has heard that they rendered splendid service. Their visits were greatly appreciated.

✱ ✱ ✱

Mrs. Coombs has received a wire from the Commissioner, saying that he is well and three days journey from the Indians. We know that our dear comrades all over the Territory will continue to pray that the Commissioner may be upheld in connection with the many responsibilities devolving upon him.

✱ ✱ ✱

Good news continues to come in from Brigadier Adby. We shall soon have him in Toronto, after an absence of about six months. We praise God for the splendid health the Brigadier has had, and all the work he has been able to put in.

✱ ✱ ✱

Colonel Lyre spent a Sunday with our men at Kingston. He writes to say he had a good time, both from a spiritual and financial standpoint. He speaks well of the condition of the Corps. The Colonel has very kindly invited the Kingston Band to visit Watertown, N. Y. We hope to be able to make arrangements accordingly. We thank the Colonel for his services at Kingston.

✱ ✱ ✱

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp recently celebrated his 25th anniversary as a Salvation Army Officer. We tender our hearty congratulations to the Colonel, and pray that he may be spared to see many more years' service. The occasion was celebrated by special meetings at Stratford, when Colonel and Mrs. Sharp had good times.

✱ ✱ ✱

Lieutenant Best, who has just fared well from Stratford, has been appointed to T. H. Q., and will be working in the Chief Secretary's outer Office. We tender to the Lieutenant a hearty welcome to the centre of operations.

STIRRING SUNDAY AT TEMPLE.

Five Souls Captured.

Splendid meetings were conducted at the Temple by Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall, on Sunday, May 23rd. In the afternoon meeting some very interesting testimonies were given by Salvation Joe, Yorkshire Tom (a recent convert) and Pogascelsky the Jew.

The String Band was to the front all day, the Brass Band being away at Niagara. They did excellently. At night a very powerful time was experienced. Eustice Ellery and Captains Ackerman, Travers and Church spoke bravely, the Songsters sang, and then Mrs. Adjutant Kendall delivered a stirring address, denouncing formality and worldliness in the strongest terms, and scathingly rebuking sin. Five souls knelt at the mercy seat during the prayer meeting, and there was much rejoicing over victories.

With the Commissioner

A Glance at British Columbia—Jottings on Board a Steamboat Bound for the North.

THE days of the Commissioner on the coast have been crowded with journeyings, work, and meetings. Few have had opportunity of covering so frequently, such magnificent distances as our Leader. As a matter of fact, while on Vancouver Island, a most thorough inspection of lands, especially in the vicinity of Coxne, has taken place.

Met at Wellington, the terminus of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway) on the arrival of the train, by an automobile, (which, by the way, was placed at his disposal free of charge) the Commissioner, accompanied by a party of three, was whirled over the country for five hours. The sights witnessed beggar description and the possibilities of the fertile country far beyond imagination. The land cries out for labour and capital, and plenty of both. When these huge forests of pine and spruce can be felled and the soil made ready for the agriculturist, with the possibility in the near future of a railway to convey the produce to the market, what a paradise will spring up on Vancouver Island, now only holding about sixty thousand all told, but quite capable of carrying the population of a great nation.

The roads are delightful, even in their primitive condition, and the climatic conditions extraordinarily fine. The land cries out for the landless man, but he must certainly come with the spirit of the conqueror, for he is to successfully deal with these silent sentinels of the forest—the gigantic trees of British Columbia.

The adage that "labour bath its sure reward," will, no doubt, prove a true saying when wealth makes it possible for an organization like The Salvation Army to place on these great wilds men capable and willing to work.

But I digress. We are now on the steamer, bound for the North. The scene all around us is an enchanting one—snow-capped peaks can be seen on every side. Below the snow line the mountains are carpeted by pines and a prolific growth of small brush, ferns and grasses. Sea gulls float gracefully in the distance, and occasionally rest themselves on the ships. The scene is truly lovely.

If all goes well, we shall reach Port Essington on May 15th, where Adjutant and Mrs. Blackburn, a crowd of native Soldiers, await the Commissioner's arrival, of course, on the tip-toe of expectation. More anon.—Special Correspondent.

Round Canada in a Chariot of Music and Song.

Major and Mrs. Plant Relate Some of Their Experiences Whilst on Their Tour Through the Dominion.

WELL, Major, what do you think of Canada now?" asked a representative of the War Cry as he button-holed the alert, wiry-looking Officer, who has been touring the Dominion for the last six months, delighting the Canadian people with his skilful performances on all manner of instruments.

"It is a wonderland to me," replied the Major. "I am especially delighted with the West, and I give it as my frank opinion that if any man doesn't get on there, it is entirely his own fault."

"And how have the people received you?" we enquired.

"Most enthusiastically," was the reply; "in fact, I can safely say that this tour has all records for continued interest and enthusiasm. Mrs. Plant and I have travelled over 13,000 miles, right from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again, and about 40,000 people have attended our meetings. Wherever we have been, the people have crowded to The Army Halls, and, in many places, the largest buildings could scarcely have been packed. They have been delighted with our service, and have not hesitated to express their appreciation, either by word or by letter, which is very encouraging to us. Just look at this, now. It is a sample of many other letters we have received."

Glancing over it, we read as follows:—

"We all enjoyed the service at the Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon last. Some time ago, travelling on my

rounds, I entered a railway car, which a sweet fragrance permeated. I saw passengers, and noticed many artificial flowers on the ladies' hats, etc. They looked natural, but I knew the fragrance did not come from there. I walked down the aisle of the car, and away in a corner were several potted plants, carefully wrapped up, but the fragrance filled the car, escaping through the air holes in the papers that protected them.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

"We are glad that The Salvation Army Plants are not wasting their sweetness on the desert air. May you both live long, and always be admired to all atmospheres with fragrance and harmony."

"May the lily of the valley, and the Rose of Sharon, be your companion, and the bright and morning star, be your reward in our Home beyond."

Another letter was from the Editor of a newspaper. After expressing his admiration for the work of The Army, and his appreciation of the musical service given by Major and Mrs. Plant, he went on to say that the columns of his paper would always be open for a write-up of any special Army events that took place in that town.

"I believe our tour has done a lot of good in that way," said the Major. "The service is new to Canada, you see, and it attracted numbers of people to the meeting who had never attended an Army meeting be-

fore. A great deal of prejudice was thus removed, and some warm friends made for The Army."

Listen to this extract from a letter I received recently.

"One who attended your service here, a member of the Methodist Church was lost in his praises, and attended our next meeting in our little Hall and joined in prayer and testimony for the first time with us. We feel sure that there are many who feel the truth of the words of the song, 'Come to-day, and be a Soldier.'"

The Officers, too, were much cheered and encouraged, and many have written to me saying that the interest created by our visit has resulted in increased War Cry sales. In one town seven new regular customers were obtained. I also found that the newspaper men of Canada were very friendly towards us, and in most places we got a good write-up of our meeting. In some cases I think our service helped to remove some erroneous opinions from the minds of several of these gentlemen as the following extract will show:

"A representative of the Guardian expected to encounter some pompous personages, full of talk regarding their work, and bent upon convincing one and all of the error of their ways, regardless of tact or discrimination. Even a newspaper man may make a mistake once in a while, and this impression was, to say the least, erroneous. There were within the barriers, surrounded by language of every description, sat a man of medium height, his hair streaked with white, and upon whose face was written the keynote of all success, namely, man power. His voice was soft and melodious, and as the names of General Booth, and other prominent Army Leaders were mentioned, the intensity of his devotion to them was a thing not soon to be forgotten."

"And what about converts, Major?" "Yes," we have had several remarkable cases of conversion on our tour. In a Western town quite a sensation was caused when one of the most desperate characters in the community knelt at the mercy seat at the close of one of our meetings."

"The dangers of the Western Soldiers to look after the converts thus gained was very stimulating to me. At one place a drunk man knelt at the mercy seat on Saturday night, and a Soldier called round for him at 2 o'clock Sunday morning, to help him conquer his temptation to have an early morning liverer, and to see that he came to knee-drill. Another convert out of the many who were won, was a young fellow who had spent \$75.00 during a two-days' drinking career. The music attracted him to the meeting."

"You have had difficulties as regards reaching your appointments on time, have you not, Major?"

"I should think so, but you must remember that we were winter travellers. It was either for the train to be a day or so late. On one occasion the engine got frozen up, and we were at a standstill on the prairies for two hours. Travel with the Rockies is about the worst job ever. This is our fourth journey. We left Rossland at 6 p. m. one night, and we slowly climbed the mountain to Nelson, which we reached at 11 p. m. We had to stay there over night and take another train at 7 a. m. After travelling for two hours we had to change to a steamer and cross a lake, crashing through ice all the way over. On reaching the other side, we got into another train and went on a bit further. Then we had another lake to cross, then another train journey to Revelstoke. We had to wait for hours here and then go as far as Sicamous, where we had to stay overnight. Next day we boarded the train again and finally arrived at Vernon. It was one of the loneliest and most fatiguing journeys we had on the trip and the temperature was way down below zero. It was not exactly a pleasure to travel. Then down East our steamer got stuck in the ice and the Officer at the next stop was a horse to get around the town in a bog and busy ringing a bell and announcing that our meeting was postponed."

Did you have any interesting conversations with people on the cars during your journey?"

(Continued on page 11.)

The Week-End's Despatches.

ANOTHER SPLENDID WEEK-END.

God is Using His Soldiers in the Salvation of Sinners.

READ THIS STIRRING PAGE.

LED BY T. H. Q. OFFICERS.

Four Seekers.

The week-end meetings May 22 and 23 at Liegar Street were conducted by Captain Palmer assisted by Lieut. Dodd. On Saturday night Captain Pattenden came along and read the lesson. A feature of this meeting was the sweet singing of Juniors Violet Guess and Winnie Pugmire, who also sang on Sunday night.

Three rousing open-air were held on the Sabbath, and the inside meetings were alike full of holy enthusiasm and interest, notwithstanding the Band's absence.

During the night prayer meeting, in which Ensign Stickells rendered valuable assistance, four persons found pardon at the mercy seat.

S.-D. A GRAND SUCCESS.

Visitors and Fourteen Seekers.

Dartmouth — Captain Smith and Lieutenant Hiles are making things move here. Never before has the Corps been in such a good condition as now.

Brigadier Collier and Brigadier Morehen have visited us. Their visits were much appreciated. Captain Turner ably assisted the former Officer. Our S.-D. Target has been smashed. Treasurer Ritchie stated that the spirit among the Soldiers was grand. Many of the young converts doubled their targets.

Fourteen souls have sought salvation and consecration. — Secretary Spight.

DRUNKARD AT DRUMHEAD.

We are still going ahead at Hamilton. — under the leadership of "A's" Andrews and Captain Hot. — upon the same night had Captain Lloyd with us, think, loving, and he gave a lantern service entitled, "Saved by His Blood," which was much enjoyed. A musical meeting was held on Friday night.

We had a good day on Sunday. Two open-air were held on Monday (Victoria Day) and a drunken man knelt at the drumhead seeking salvation.

ENVOY GEROW'S VISIT.

The week-end, May 8-9, at Charlottetown, was a charge of Envoy Gerow, of Halifax, who gave us a fine time, ending with a thrilling lecture on the work of the Middlemore Home. The meetings Sunday, May 10th, were enjoyable and profitable. Three came out in the holiness meeting and three children in the night meeting.

Lindsay Corps was visited on Sunday, May 16th, by the Evangelistic Band of the Y. M. C. A., and very profitable meetings were held. The singing was very much enjoyed. The meetings throughout the day were well attended, and at night the H.-I. was packed.

"JUST THE THING."

Successful Visit by Two Captains to the Miners of Bessimer.

A visit was lately paid by Captains Jones and Mannion, to the Bessimer Mines, Northern Ontario. The miners, under the leadership of Brother Maltby, a Salvationist of Trenton Corps, and the holder of a very important position at Bessimer, met the Officers at the station, and gave them a hearty welcome. The people seemed to vie with each other in their desire to show their delight at this, the first visit of The Salvation Army to their town. The leading people of the place expressed the same pleasure, and gave greeting in the same unmistakable way.

Everybody, it would seem, turned out at night, to listen to the first open-air service (the first most of the people had ever witnessed). "Just the thing," said a mine manager, after hearing the hearty singing, "a religion with some dash in it; that's what's wanted here."

The schoolroom which had been secured for the inside meeting proved to be far too small for the crowd that attended the stereopticon service, entitled, "Jack the Conqueror." Rapt attention was given to the story and coloured pictures. At the close, all gave expression of their intense delight by hearty hand-clappings. A salvation meeting took place next night, when ten precious souls volunteered to the front for salvation. Brothers Maltby and Gardiner are holding meetings regularly. A report has just come to hand of three more souls being born again. A great revival outbreak is expected. — Interested.

NINE FOR SALVATION.

Jail Meeting Successes.

On Tuesday, May 11th, we had a glorious time in North Bay. The Soldiers turned out well; three souls seeking salvation.

Our Self-Denial target has been smashed.

On May 11, two souls sought salvation, and another on the 12th, making a total of nine since last report. At our Jail meeting on Sunday, four men held up their hands for our prayers. Several, on receiving their freedom, have come to our Barracks and professed conversion. — A. L. Jones.

New Westminster. — On Sunday we had Sunday we had Captain Dunlop with us. At night two souls were blessedly saved. On Monday night at the beginning of the meeting a young man, a backslider, walked into the Hall, knelt at the mercy seat and was saved.

Lieutenant Robinson has farewelled. — C. M. N.

OFFICERS' COLLECTING EXPERIENCES.

Five For Salvation.

Regina Corps has smashed its target. Mrs. Adjutant Cummins and Captain Askin were at towns along the main line of the C. P. R., and were well received. The ministers were particularly kind, and all contributed.

At Simulata, the Officers stayed at a hotel, the proprietor of which is a Roman Catholic, but the good lady of the house insisted on making them a cup of tea when they arrived there late at night, and the proprietor himself contributed to the Self-Denial funds. At another house visited, the Officers found a little child who was very sick and near death. They prayed with the mother and comforted her. A fierce blizzard came on and they had to return to Regina, as the snow was so deep. When the weather moderated they set out again on their collecting tour, and on visiting the house above mentioned, found that the child was much better. The mother said that the Officers had been the only ones to minister to her.

We had a very gratifying break at our meeting on last Sunday evening. When volunteers for salvation were asked for, a young girl left her seat and sought salvation. She was followed by two young men. When the meeting closed, five were found at the penitent form. Hallelujah! Captains Smith and Coleman paid us a passing visit. — E. B.

SERVICES BEHIND PRISON BARS.

Lieut.-Colonel Southall in Charge.

On Sunday afternoon, May 23rd, Lieut.-Colonel Southall, Staff-Captain Fraser and Adjutant Sheard conducted a bright and interesting service at the Central Prison, Toronto. The Colonel's address to the men, and Adjutant Sheard's and Miss E. Southall's solos were alike appreciated.

The Mercer Reformatory was also visited during the afternoon, and a similar service held. Miss Louie Fraser presided at the piano at both meetings.

A GOOD WEEK-END AT TORONTO I.

The past week-end at Toronto I. was very successful. Lieutenant Wilson rendered great assistance, and at night Brigadier Bond took the helm. The Hall was packed, and we finished with four souls for the week-end.

The Band did good work, and at night, in memory of our late comrade, Mrs. Tom Gribble, an impressive funeral march was held, and comrades paid touching tributes to this comrade. The bereaved friends have the deepest sympathy of the Corps. — A. T. C.

Halifax II. — Lieut.-Colonel Turner, assisted by Brigadier Morehen conducted the week-end meetings. Two souls came forward.

On Monday night a great united meeting with the forces from No. 1. and Dartmouth, was held. Brigadier Collier read the lesson.

We hear No. 11. had a triumphant S.-D. effort. (Clear the deck for S. F.) — Soldier.

BRIGADIER COLLIER IN BER. MUDDA.

A Victorious Time at Hamilton.

Hamilton, Bermuda. — This month's letter has been favoured with a visit from the Provincial Secretary, Brigadier Collier. We gave him a welcome on Saturday night. The meeting was full of the Spirit, and proved to be a most interesting time.

On Sunday morning we had a heart-searching time, and at the close a comrade sought a clean heart.

Adjutant Cameron and Ensign Bridgewater sang at night, when all persons were the slain of the Lord.

On Monday, 16th inst., a letter was delivered by the Brigadier, was "Prison Work in Canada." His Worship the Mayor of Hamilton (Mr. Wainwright) presided. A due was rendered by Captains Patrick and McKervey. His worship said he considered it a great honour to have the privilege of presiding at such a meeting.

Before going to Southampton, Brigadier conducted a Soldiers' meeting on Tuesday, May 18th. A good number were present, and the meeting was thoroughly enjoyed. — E. I.

DAWSON TIDINGS.

(From the Daily Paper.)

"The usual Thursday night meeting in the Citadel was crowded, and I enjoyed the pleasure programme. The Salvation Army Officers prepare a that evening week by week. The readings by Ensign Johnston and Adjutant Denue always have their moral and instructive part."

The singing by the four lady Officers, and the solo "Hello Central" by Lieutenant Wright, were all very much enjoyed.

Ensign Johnstone announced last evening if any of the men present had no place to sleep he could commoedate a few in the Shelter, and would do all in his power to see that the men had a place to sleep.

MUCH MUSIC AND A LANTERN SERVICE.

Sarnia. — Captain Buntin, the G. I. M. man, was with us for the week-end. The lantern service, "The World's Mission," was very touching, and at the close two souls knelt at the cross. Everybody enjoyed the meetings. Eighteen persons knelt at the mercy seat during the week-end.

On Wednesday, Major and his Plant delighted the people with the music and song. The chains and bells were certainly something new, and Mrs. Plant's recitation and singing were much enjoyed. — S. R. F.

Strathroy. — We must not fail to tell of the excellent music which Mrs. and Mrs. Plant gave us. They came many miles for the treat.

The Officers accompanied Captain Buntin to Mount Brydges, in a Home-Field service, where we also drove over, surprising the lagers with a rousing, cheering song. We regret that Lieutenant H. was not present. He had just returned from his tour. — Two young women. — A. H.

Eastern Echoes.

The Provincial Commander and His Secretary Journey to Charlottetown, Halifax and Dartmouth, and the Latter Goes to Bermuda.

We are writing these notes on the top deck of the S.S. "Solo," of the African Steamship Company, on our way to the Sunny South, and will, most likely, finish them after our visit to the beautiful land of Bermuda. We are now about 140 miles from our destination, and will soon be meeting the perfume of the Bermuda lilies and roses.

The Provincial Commander and the Provincial Secretary spent a very profitable week-end at Charlottetown, recently, and are pleased to note a most decided improvement in every branch of our work in the "Garden of the Gulf." Captain Robinson and his Lieutenant have "caught on" fine, and the Soldiers have rallied to their help splendidly.

In the Saturday night meeting, conducted by the Provincial Secretary, a backslider came home, and in the holiness meeting, after a very earnest address by the Provincial Commander, three sought the blessing of a clean heart.

The Provincial Secretary gave us a forty-five minute talk on the Prison Work of The S. A. In the afternoon, which was much appreciated by all and will, no doubt, do a great deal of good and enlist the sympathy of both Soldiers and friends in this peculiar branch of our work.

The Provincial Commander gave a very earnest talk to a splendid crowd at the night meeting in the Citadel, and several sought salvation at its close. On Monday night the Provincial Commander gave an illustrated lecture on Bermuda, which was very interesting and much appreciated. Our dear friend, Mr. Burke, gave his service with his electric lantern, free, God bless him.

We were pleased to meet a number of old comrades at this Corps, amongst them, Sergeant-Major Renouff, Secretary Mrs. White, Professor Hawley, Treasurer Chandler, Sister Ellis, Staff-Captain Jost, J. S. M. Anderson, and many others, who are still in the fight; also a lot of new Soldiers who are helping to push on the war.

Halifax and Dartmouth have had another visit from the P. C., P. S., and D. O. All three were at No. 1, on Saturday night, and the P. C. and D. O. were at No. 11, all day Sunday. They report a good day with one for the blessing in the morning and one for salvation at night.

The P. S. was at No. 1. In the morning, and at Dartmouth in the afternoon. Things are going in the right direction at Dartmouth, and a number have recently got saved. We returned to No. 1, for the night meeting and had three for salvation. The Citadel Band is making rapid improvement.

The only way to get any kind of a idea of what a united meeting at Halifax is like, is to be at one.

Ours on the Monday night was no exception to the rule. They sang, shouted, testified and danced. It was warm, but we enjoyed it, and would have enjoyed it much more, if some of those convicted had come to God.

Saturday morning, May 15th, at 8 a. m., Adjutant Cameron and some of his braves met us at the Hamilton wharf and we were soon at home in the beautiful Quarters, with the Adjutant and his family. We have a look round the city and then have our welcome meeting in the Citadel at night. What a time we had. The Band played, the Soldiers shouted and sang, the Officers and some comrades spoke words of welcome and "Travelers" thanked everybody for their kind words—read the Scripture, and brought our first Bermuda meeting to a close.

Thirty were at knee drill on Sunday morning. They prayed, sang and testified, and the hour is gone and we have to close to make way for the other services. The P. S. attended the J. S. Company meeting. The Juniors sang a welcome song and the P. S. gave them a good spiritual talk and prayed with them. They are a fine crowd to be sure; about sixty-five being present at this meeting.

God came very near in the Holiness meeting, and spoke to our hearts. We were richly blessed, and one dear brother surrendered his all to God. We had a great open-air in the afternoon and the free and easy that followed was enjoyed by all present, and our appetites were whetted for the night meeting.

How that crowd filed up the stairway, and filled the Hall until the doors had to be closed. We sang, prayed, rejoiced, and God came to our help. One of our comrades from the military barracks, sang, the Band played, Mrs. Cameron soloed. The P. S. talked from Isaiah xxviii. 1, and six came to the mercy seat. We gave God the glory for His presence and for the number saved.

A dear fellow who came to the Quarters to see the P. S. on Monday, was soon in tears. He had once been a Soldier but was now a backslider, and slightly under the influence of drink. He expressed a desire to get right and the P. S. and Adjutant Cameron soon had him on his knees, where he professed salvation. May he be true.

On Monday night the P. S. gave us a talk on the "Prison Work of The S. A. in Canada," which was very much enjoyed by all present, and we had a splendid crowd. His Worship Mayor Wainwright, occupied the chair and spoke very highly of the work done by The S. A. in Bermuda as well as in other parts of the world.

Tuesday night was devoted to the Soldiers, and we had a good time. Indeed, and no doubt the result of the same will be greater devotion to God, the Flag and the lost, by the devoted Local Officers, Bandmen and Soldiers of this Corps. More next mail.—Traveller.

The Bible everywhere teaches us that eternal good is to be preferred in all our conduct to temporal good.

Round Canada in a Chariot of Music and Song.

(Continued from page 9.)

Yes, very many. When we were going through the Rockies, a gentleman came up to us and introduced himself as the Mayor of Vancouver. He expressed his appreciation of The Army, and said he always liked to give any Officers he met a word of encouragement. A little later Professor Gdham came along and we had a very interesting chat with him. He told us that he was the first man to write to The General inviting him to start the work in Japan. He was enthusiastic as regards emigration to the West, and said that The Army was bringing the right class of people and that he would like to see them bring out thirty thousand a year for the next few years.

"I also had a very interesting conversation with a gentleman out West," said Mrs. Plant, "though it wasn't on the car. At the close of one of our musical meetings a man came up to me and introduced himself as the manager of a vaudeville show. 'I liked your show to-night,' he said, 'and I've come to see if you can put on a turn in my theatre to-morrow night.' I told him that we were travelling solo for the purpose of extending God's Kingdom and could not think of accepting such an offer; whereupon he looked very surprised and said, 'Oh, I thought The Salvation Army was paying you to do this sort of thing for them.'"

"It is remarkable what a lot of misconception there is in this country regarding The Army," said the Major. "In many places we had to first convince the people that we were Salvation Army Officers and not hired musicians, before they would lend us a suitable building to conduct a meeting in. When they got to know our aims and purposes, however, they were extremely cordial, and many are pressing us for a return visit. I should repeat, like to have another tour through Canada, for I have so many invitations to do another service and so many pleading letters from Salvationists in little back towns which I was unable to visit, that I think I should have a greater success than ever."

"When do you leave Canada, Major?"

"We are booked for the June Camp Meetings in Toronto, and then off we go, but we hope to be able to return at a future date, for we just love Canada, and the Canadians."

MUSICAL SPECIALS AT WINDSOR.

Windsor, Ont.—We were favoured with a visit from Major and Mrs. Plant from May 1st to 3rd. We were delighted with the beautiful service, entitled, "Round the World in a Chariot of Music and Song." The Hall was packed, and everybody declared it was "the best yet."

Campbellton, N.E.—Last Sunday morning an old man over eighty years of age knelt and asked God to save him. On Sunday, May 16th, we had with us our Provincial Commander, Lieut.-Colonel Turner. The Colonel gave us some straight talks, and at night he spoke with power. One man sought deliverance; others raised their hands for prayer.

Inverness, C.B.—Lieut. Clayton has farewell. Brigadier Morehen recently visited us, and on May 1st Captain Gilkinson, the G. B. M. man came along. His last service was well attended and much enjoyed.—L. W. M. S.

New Glasgow.—We have reached our S.D. Target. On Sunday, May 16th, a wanderer returned. Our united meeting on Monday night was led by Captain B. Turner, of Halifax.

MISSING.

First Insertion.

7214. TRAINER, JAMES. Age 21; height 5ft. 6 in.; black hair, dark brown eyes, and pale complexion. Last known address was Brandon, Man. Missing since July, 1908. He was from Wabana, N. S. I. T. S. A. In October, 1907, and from Grand Forks, B. C. on March 2nd, 1908. Mother sorrowing. Worked for Railway contractor.

7096. STOTT, ALEXANDER. Age 32; height 5ft. 11 in.; light brown hair, grey eyes, and fair complexion. By trade he was a painter and a hanger, but in Canada he has been surveying on C. N. Railway. Where he has been for the last eleven years. His last addresses are, Man. and 704 McMillan Camp No. 1, I. T. S. A. Grandview, Edmonton, A. S. A. In January, 1908, Clear Water. He may be called Scott.

7270. PREEPER, ARTHUR D. (Mutlino). Sailed out of Sydney, C. B. in 1905. Last heard of from Manila, beyond Africa. Mother very anxious.

7272. DUKE, ARTHUR, JESSE. Age 28; height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, black eyebrows and fair complexion. Was in the navy, where he was known as "Flipper." Came to Canada, and has taken to farming. Was at Claremont (Carmichael).

7267. RICE, WILLIAM SAM. Age 29; height 5ft. 11 in.; dark hair, blue eyes, fair. Missing nine years. Last known address was Ohio (Mingo Junction). Was seen in Fort Erie. Mother enquires.

7276. HEPPINSTALL, FRANK. Age 38; height 5ft. 8 1/2 in.; brown hair and eyes, sandy complexion, thin, dark hair, dark blue eyes, black eyebrows and fair complexion. Was in the navy, where he was known as "Flipper." Came to Canada, and has taken to farming. Was at Claremont (Carmichael).

6832. PARKER, CHARLES. This man has been in the army since 1904. He came to Canada to work on the Algoma Central and Hudson Bay Railway Company, and was heard from on several occasions up till August, 1904. In this month he wrote saying that he was trying to work his way to Winnipeg as he had been sent to the Soo. He has not been heard of since. Was said to have gone to work on the Erie Railway, U. S.

7282. PEACH, GEORGE H. Age 31; height 5ft. 4 in.; brown hair and fair complexion, and a defective left eye. Cabinet-maker, now thirty years. Was then at Biscath, Man.

7286. WARD, THOMAS. Came to Canada in 1882, from Ashford, Kent, England. Rather tall; age about 52; blacksmith by trade, and when last heard of was working on the Grand Trunk Construction work at St. Thomas. May have gone to Port Arthur. Wrote home for eighteen months after landing.

7291. MOULTRIE, DAVID. Missing seven months, and was last known to be at Newdale, Manitoba. Age 20; height 5ft. 11 in.; brown hair, hazel eyes, dark complexion. Work on forehead; has a pair of right forefinger off. Loom-fender. Father very anxious.

7232. LOBERG, JOHAN ANTON LAURITSEN. Norwegian; age 68; medium build, stout, dark hair, and brown eyes. He was last heard of in 1907, when his address was Coal Creek, B. C. Talked about going to Alaska; he was a miner. Wife anxious.

7292. LAMB, WILLIAM. Scotch; address, six years ago, was at Manson House, Ontario. In 1908 he advertised for a sister, Christina, News wanted.

7297. RANGER, HENRY. Came from London, England; age 12; good-looking, round face, dark brown hair, brown eyes. Father anxious to have him back home.

7294. DORNAN, JOHN. Left home two years ago for Canada. When last heard of was at Pointe St. Denis, Ontario. He is a blacksmith by trade. He is a drinking man, and his wife and children are in a very bad way. News wanted.

A supreme regard for our own happiness is inconsistent with true religion.

Women of Turkey!

What Life in a Harem is Like—Marriage with Unseen and Unknown Husbands—The Inconvenience of Turkish Customs.



Turkish Women in a Harem.

THE following facts concerning the women of Turkey, are taken from an article written by Mr. Alexander Powell, late of the Consular Service, in the Ottoman Dominions. He says:

"All down the ages the secret lives of the hidden women of the harems have held a powerful interest for the peoples of the West. Closely veiled, jealously guarded, presumably beautiful, the Turkish woman possesses all the elements of mystery. But times are changing in the empire of the sultans, and the customs are changing as well, and in another day she may be seen no more. At present the marriage of two or more wives is out of fashion in Turkey. One reason for this is that the spread of Occidentalism has so infected Turkish wives with Western ideas that many of them will not consent to the introduction of a rival, and without the first wife's consent, no second alliance would be valid in the eyes of the law.

Besides, fortunes are among the most uncertain of possessions in a land where exile and banishment are almost as likely to happen as birth and death, and the most extravagant gift with which a Turk may present himself is a properly stocked harem.

What a Harem is.

The term harem (or haremlik, to use the Turkish word) means simply a sacred enclosure; it is the sanctum sanctorum, the place safe from all intrusion, into which not even the master may enter if a pair of goldsmiths at the door of the reception room announces that his wife has guests. The haremlik, then, is that division of a Turkish house occupied by the women of the household, be they the mother, wife, sisters, or daughters of the owner, together with the female servants and slaves. The solunlik, in contradistinction, is that part of the dwelling reserved to the men of the family and their male attendants.

Up to the age of twelve, Turkish girls are as free and untrammelled as European children, and are allowed to play with them and attend their parties. But with her twelfth birthday comes the inevitable day which no Turkish girl of the upper classes may hope to evade. On that day the girl becomes a woman, and leaves unveiled and unaccompanied; henceforth, she is debarred from any interchange of thought with one of the opposite sex, unless he happens to be closely related to her.

A Galling Slavery.

This slavery of Turkish women consists not alone in bodily confine-

ment, but in the thousand irksome forms of restraint by which they are controlled, though to all appearances free. For instance, in the matter of dress, the shape of the tcharchaft and the thickness of the veil to be worn on the street are decreed by a firman of the Sultan himself. Neither fur nor any other kind of trimming may be used on street garments, and defiant wearers would render themselves liable to arrest by the police. Women may not walk or drive except in pairs and attended by slaves, and must be indoors by sunset, unless a carriage and armed kavass await them. On the return home of the ladies of the house, the servant whose duty it is to go out with them, gives the master a complete list of every place to which they have been. Of course, as the slaves move freely about their mistresses, listening to and watching all that goes on, they are admirably fitted for this sort of domestic espionage. The women are not even allowed to look the doors of their sleeping apartments, and have no hole or corner where they may retire from the prying eyes of slaves. And all the letters that come to the ladies of a Turkish household are handed first to the master, who himself distributes them, after having taken stock of any particular one that whets his curiosity.

To such absurd lengths "a this policy of seclusion and supervision carried that the mistress of the house settles her accounts with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker through a revolving cupboard at the kitchen door, behind which the lady sits with a muslin veil thrown over her face, lest, perchance, the purveyors of comestibles and combustibles



A Turkish Guard Over a Harem.

catch even a momentary glimpse of her features.

A Turkish Marriage.

In Turkey marriage is a strictly civil act, the validity of which consists in its being attested by at least two witnesses; and, although an imam, or priest, is usually present at the signing of the contract, it is in his legal rather than in his religious capacity. The civil ceremony is simplicity itself. The bridegroom and his witnesses, prior to the home of the bride, in the seclusion of which her male relatives discuss with them the payment of the nekiah. This question settled, and the contract drawn up, the bridegroom thrice repeats his desire to marry the daughter of the house, upon which the imam proceeds to the door communicating with the haremlik, behind which the bride and her female relatives are assembled. After announcing the amount of the nekiah agreed upon, the imam asks the maiden if she accepts the suitor for her husband. The question and the affirmative answer having been thrice repeated, the imam returns to the seclusion, where he attests the consent of the bride, and the couple are considered to be legally married.

An Old Oriental Custom.

The bride and groom do not meet, however, until the conclusion of the Dushun ziafi, or week of wedding festivities, which may not be held for some months afterward. These entertainments, to which all friends and relatives are invited and at which the poor of the neighbourhood are also feasted, constitute the social sanction of the family alliance entered into in private. When all these formalities are at an end, and the bride has been taken in a candle-lit procession to her new home, with much pomp, to her new home, if the spouse chosen for her by her parents is not altogether to her liking, she may still refuse to accept him as her husband. For, according to an Oriental custom of immemorial antiquity, a bride who has been espoused no longer retains her name, and is spoken to him. The bride, it must be remembered, never sees her future husband, except from her window, as he passes in the street below. The unveiling of the bride's face by the bridegroom is the concluding act of the marriage ceremony, and one's heart bleeds for these poor little Turkish brides suddenly transplanted from the homes of their childhood to the roof-trees of perfect strangers. It is to be hoped that one of the first social reforms to come within the grasp of the Turkish people will be the abolition of marriage with an unknown and, in many cases, an unseen husband.

A Day at the Toronto Salvage Store.

(Continued from page 4.)

family was supplied with furniture.

During the day several men came in with bundles of waste paper; for which they received so much cash, according to the weight. This is another method of helping poor folks to earn an honest living, and several bring four or five hundredweight a day for sale. About ten tons of waste paper is handled each week. Towards evening a number of grimy sons of toil, fresh from the factories, came in searching for old clothes that would do for them to go to work in. Numbers of women, seeking boots for their children, or for themselves, also put in an appearance. "Children always kick out so many boots," said one, "and it's always a mother who has to be last in getting a new pair, but I really must get some for myself to-night, for mine are almost worn through."

Ah, yes, it is mothers who are poor who know the meaning of self-sacrifice. Now the last customer is served, the lights are turned off, the blinds pulled down, the doors closed, and one more day's work is finished. It is a work for humanity, and a work for God.

Depressed upon it, God will yet raise man to his own mind, even down here.



The Inevitable Lattice Bars the Outside World.

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER JOHN CHEDORE, OF CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

Another comrade has gone from our ranks to the mansions above, in the person of Brother Chedore. Death brought no fear to him; he was ready for eternity. He had been sick a long time, but retained the blessed assurance that Jesus was near all the time. His trust in the Master seemed to increase as the end drew near.

The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Coleman. May God comfort the dear bereaved wife and two little children.

BROTHER BARRETT, OF ST. THOMAS.

Our Corns has sadly been thrust by the hand of death. Brother Barrett, one of our best and bravest, passed away on Sunday morning, May 1st.

A fortnight previous to his death, while at work, the fingers of his hand were so badly crushed that no further work was necessary. Some days after, lockjaw set in. A few days of intense pain followed, and his comrade was where pain and death never come. For twenty-two years Brother Barrett was true to the Army and its principles. Convinced when a very young man, in 1860, that he had entered his ranks and proved himself a faithful Soldier wherever he called him. Four years ago, he, with his wife and family, left their home in Cannington, and came to Canada, living in Londonderry, N. S., for a little while. Three years ago he moved to St. Thomas, where he remained. The Corps were, especially in the Children's work. He held the position of J. S. M. for nearly a year.

The Adjutant visited our Brother shortly before he passed away. While unable to speak distinctly, he assured him all was well by placing his hand on his heart and round his head, and pointing upward, he murmured, "a crown, a crown." We are sure he has received the crown of rejoicing.

He was given an Army funeral, conducted by the Adjutant, and presided by Major Simco, who was largely attended, and a deep impression was made on the people as the procession passed on its way to the cemetery.

Practical sympathy has been shown the bereaved wife and her six little ones, by one of our comrade's employers.

A memorial service was held the following Sunday evening. Adjutant and Mrs. Byers leading, and many who knew our brother kindly and best, spoke, telling many little incidents and how they were remembered. It can be hard to be there. Mrs. Barrett was enabled to tell of the most consistent life her departed husband had lived, and to plead with the sister to get right with God.

Another feature of this service was the singing of the beautiful hymn, "The Dedication of the Heart," sung, Bart Wesley, to God. Army—L. O. M. Sergt. Major.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

THE GENERAL.

The General's effort at the Congress Hall last Sunday was truly wonderful. In the morning he spoke with force and animation for nearly an hour, and carried his audience with him step by step. At night he delivered a most powerful address, which literally swayed the packed thousands that hung upon his utterances.

The crowds, too, were tremendous. In the morning, the Congress Hall was packed before the hour of commencement. At night it was gorged.

The General remained on the Salvation bridge for nearly four hours. Not until the hands of the clock neared 10 p. m. and the shouts of victory over the 200th soul at the mercy seat ascended, did he retire from his post.

As we contemplated, our beloved Leader pacing the platform in the heat of the battle for souls, we were reminded of his playful remark on the occasion of the Birthday Celebrations,—that he had no intention of abdication. Judging by The General's form and leadership on Sunday, in spite of his eighty years, he is still head and shoulders above us all in

great grief came to her in the loss of her four months' old baby. The lapse of years has healed the wound, but it has not quenched her mother's love for her long lost treasure. She has now purchased a property valued at Kr. 15,000, and given it to The Army for a Children's Home, on condition that it bears the name of her angel baby. The gift has been made complete by an endowment of Kr. 20,000 for its maintenance.

WEST INDIES.

Jamaican Earthquake Assistance.—The committee appointed to control the funds given for relief of Earthquake sufferers, have decided to make a grant to The Salvation Army of \$800.00 from the balance of funds remaining at their disposal. This amount is given in view of The Army's splendid work at the time of the disaster, in sheltering, feeding, and otherwise helping the poor.

INDIA.

Major and Mrs. Turner, with their family sailed for India on May 11th, on their return from furlough. The Major goes back to take up his old position as Medical Officer, in charge of the Catherine Booth Hospital, at Nagercoil. A short time before he left England, the Major was successful in securing the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Durham, in addition to his previous qualifications.

UNITED STATES.

The Junior Corps of Baltimore II., now has nearly two hundred children attending the Company meetings, whereas a short time ago the attendance was practically nil. The children have been won to The Army from outside circles, through the personal visitation of the Field Officer, the Junior Sergeant-Major, and others, some of whom have spent as much as three evenings per week in house-to-house visitation, inviting the parents to send the children to The Army.

In the same way, they have gone to the young men and women who loiter about the streets, with therewith that Bible Classes have been commenced for them, with over forty members in each. Several of these young people have got saved, and they are now organizing a Brass Band.

Lieut.-Col. Chandler had an attack of giddiness when coming into New York one morning, and he fell across the railway track, from which he was happily rescued just before a train arrived. He fell within a few inches of the electric rail, and if he had touched this, the consequences would have been very serious. Fortunately, the Colonel escaped with a cut in the head and a few bruises on his face and knees.

Commander E. C. Booth will conduct the Annual Congress in New York City, from Tuesday, May 25th, to Sunday, May 30th. The programme will include public meetings as well as a long series of Officers' Councils. On the Sunday, there will be a "Day with God," in the Great Carnegie Hall.

The increases in various branches of the work, following the great campaign which was held earlier in the year, are most gratifying.

Conversions of adults, 8,767; Additions to Seniors' Roll, 1,904; Conversions of Juniors and Young People,

2,488; Additions to Junior Roll, 884; Candidates, 227; Increase in Company attendances, 3,706; Companies formed, 448; Band of Love members, 1,375; Y. P. Legion members, 1,358; Cradle Roll members, 589; Boys' Junior Anti-Smoking League, 1,925; Corps-Cadets' Applications, 406; Junior Locals, 701.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Lieut.-Colonel Smith, the Secretary for Native Affairs, thus describes his visit to the Amaxosa Division at Easter:—

"I have just come from the Xosa Division, where I spent my Easter. On Sunday, accompanied by Major Soul, I visited Ridsdal Location. We had a very profitable day's fighting, with eight out for cleansing and three for salvation. Three of these comrades, including two sisters, gave up their pipes. The Xosa women are inveterate smokers. We had an interesting and successful experiment on Sunday afternoon in the shape of a united open-air demonstration in the Market Square, King William's Town. Five Corps united, one of which came from Tshosa, four miles away. All the 'marches' converged on the Square at one time, and, as there were four drums being heartily drummed by enthusiastic native drummers, sleepy King Williams Town got a thorough rousing. The meeting itself was a very good one; hundreds of Natives and many Whites listened. I had two Headmen who are Salvationists, to speak. Many natives thanked us afterwards, one remarking 'You have today fed us; we have got meat from you.' On Easter Monday, all the Corps united at Tshosa, where we had successful gatherings. There was great enthusiasm, especially at the united open-air demonstration down amongst the 'taws' (heathen.)

"Our policy was never more aggressive than that at present."

FINLAND.

Last year the Viborg Town Council gave a grant of F. Mk. 1,000 in support of the Shm Work in this town, but this year they are giving us F. Mk. 3,000 for the same purpose. Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Howard is planning a Colony for poor children, outside the town during the summer, and has already been promised the use of a house.

A man who got saved in one of the



meetings at the Helsingfors Shelter recently, gave the following testimony:—

"A short time ago I was as bad and poor as a man could be. My condition was awful. My clothes were so ragged and dirty that when I walked along the streets the very dogs barked at me. To-day, all is changed—I am saved, happy, and much better dressed. When the dogs meet me now they fawn on me, and I love them, too."

KOREA.

Colonel Hoggard has paid his second visit to Pyeng Yang, where he was able to address a large crowd of persons who have signed the preliminary application to become Soldiers. The building was altogether too small, so the meetings had to be held in the open-air. At one of these, no fewer than three thousand persons were present. The Colonel delivered his message of salvation from sin through Jesus Christ, in the clearest and most unmistakable manner, and more than four hundred men professed to accept it. At another meeting, 1,500 were present, and between two and three hundred gave themselves to God.

Captain Margaret Newnham takes charge of the newly started Y. P. Work at Seoul I. Corps. Meetings are conducted on Sundays, as well as on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Already some of the children give evidence of obtaining salvation, and pray earnestly. They take great delight in learning to sing our songs. Very few of them can read, but one of our Korean Native Converts is devoting himself to the work of teaching them.

JAPAN.

Two recent converts of Osaka II. Corps, are sailors. On their last voyage they kept up an interesting correspondence with the Captain of the Corps. From Nagasaki they wrote reporting the conversion of the chief stoker, with whom they had previously dealt about his soul, in an open-air meeting at Chemuro, and at which they had sold thirty War Crys. A few days later they reported the conversion of the chief engineer. About this man they wrote: "He is very steady and respected us very much, so we thought he should go one step further and get saved. Thank God he is converted, and promises to go with us."

At Nagasaki they held another open-air, and sold forty more Crys. Later on they held a meeting on board a vessel, had an interesting time, and disposed of thirty Crys amongst the passengers, one of whom they left at Dalmy "in God's hands, under deep conviction."

Who Does the Finding?

Yam Sing came from China to California, and was brought to know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. When examined before baptism, concerning his experience and faith, some one asked him how he found Jesus. "I no find Jesus at all; He find me," was the answer of the converted man, an answer which was most satisfactory to the questioner, and which showed that he had learned something of the love of Him who came to "seek and to save that which was lost."



Queen Alexandra and Her Imperial Siter.

Who recently granted an audience to our Beloved General.

those noble qualities which have made The General and The Salvation Army what they are to-day.

COMM'R HIGGINS.

The Assistant Foreign Secretary has hardly arrived in England from his visit of inspection to Sweden, before he is required to again leave for the U. S. A. The General has decided that Commissioner Higgins shall represent the I. H. Q. at the great Congress to be held in New York and Chicago at the end of this month. The Commissioner leaves London on Saturday morning next, and expects to be away about three or four weeks.

SWEDEN.

A lady friend in Norkoping has just made a handsome gift to The Salvation Army under somewhat pathetic conditions. Some sixty years ago a

OUR
SERIAL
STORY

POGASELSKY THE JEW

And How He Found the Messiah.

A Fascinating Story of Jewish Life, and Travel and Adventure in Many Lands.

DON'T
FAIL
TO READ
THIS
CHAPTER

CHAPTER XV.

THE COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL.

THE three sailors played cards together for about an hour and a-half, and then a commotion on deck, and a loud shouting warned them that the rest of the crew had returned to the ship.

"Here they come," growled Sven, "all as drunk as they can be; I shouldn't wonder but that there'll be a few broken heads before to-morrow morning." So saying, he doubled his fist with a determined air, while Pietro felt for his stiletto, and Herman crept back into the darkest corner. He was only a little fellow, and thought it best to get out of the way of the big, drunken Flem.

"And those were the men who were so religious at sea," he said to himself. "Bah, they disgust me. Their praying does not do them a bit of good. They are like the Jews I know in Germany, who would go through all their forms of prayer early in the morning, and then cheat their customers all day. It makes me sick of religion. First I am disappointed with the Jews, my own people, and now I am disappointed with these Christians; for I wonder if I shall be disappointed with the Mohammedans when I get to know them?"

His further meditations were cut short by the entrance of the sailors, who were lustily singing snatches of song in their own language, and were evidently in a very merry mood.

Sven and Pietro quietly slipped out of the cabin, and went on deck, and Herman thought he would try to follow them. He had no sooner emerged from his corner, however, than the Flem, observing his frightened look, began to make fun of him, and it was no till a quarter of an hour later that he managed to make his escape from them, and re-join his companions.

"Well, I've heard enough of 'Jing with these scoundrels," said Herman.

"And so have I," said Sven. "It's the same in every port we go to." "Do not like these Flem, either," said Pietro, "so I propose that we all three leave the ship and see another one."

"Agreed," cried Sven and Herman. So it was settled that they should all three approach the captain when the ship was unladed, obtain as much money as he would give them, and then desert.

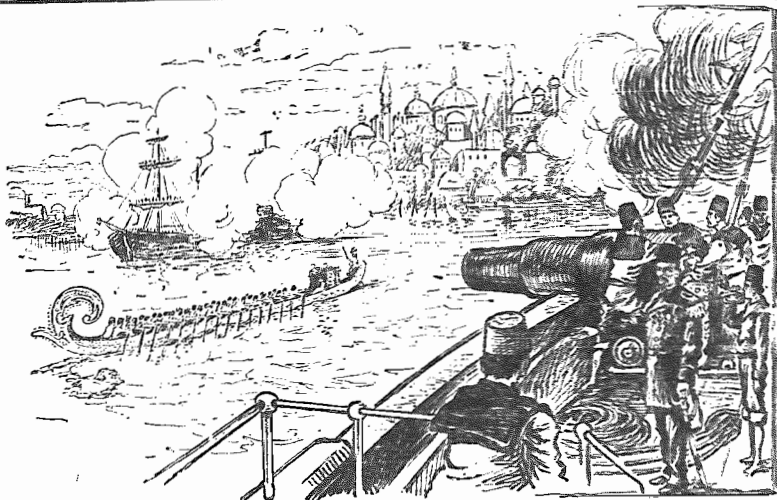
From the sounds that now came from below, it was apparent that the Flem had quarrelled amongst themselves and were fighting one another. They kept it up till a very late hour, and when, at last, all was quiet, Sven ventured to go below and found them all in a drunken slumber. They were all astride early next morning, however, and went about their work as if nothing had happened.

"It's Friday, to-day," said Sven to Herman, "and the Jews reckon it to be a holy day, something like Sunday to Christians, and Saturday to Jews. Most all of them go to the mosques to say the prayers taught 'em in the Koran, and, doubtless, we'll see the Sultan pass soon."

"I have noticed a great bustle on board the Turkish warships this morning," said Herman, "so I thought they were getting ready for some great event."

"They are going to fire a salute, I expect," said Sven.

As the morning wore on, Herman kept glancing towards the men of war, and saw that the preparations were going on apace. Some of the



As the Royal Barge Passed the Warships, the Guns Thundered Out a Salute.

deck guns, were busy polishing up the big guns, and others were climbing the masts and getting into position along the yardarms. The prospect of seeing the great Sultan of Turkey, quite alone, and he kept looking up and down the Golden Horn to see if there were any signs of the approach of the monarch. Towards noon, a series of sharp commands from the Turkish naval commanders, ordered all the gunners to spring to their guns, and the sailors on the yard arms to stiffen to attention.

"Here comes the Sultan," said Sven. A most magnificent barge, profusely decorated with gold, now came sweeping swiftly down the Golden Horn. It was propelled by the oars of thirty-two rowers, splendidly formed fellows, each dressed in white, and with a red fez on their heads. At the gilded helm stood a Turkish officer, evidently of very high rank, for his breast blazed with gold embroidery, and on his shoulders were immense epaulettes. Beneath a pavilion of purple and gold, reclining on a sofa that sparkled with flashing gems, was His Highness the Sultan Abdul-Aziz, Commander of the Faithful. His dress was very simple, consisting of a blue frock coat, white trousers, and a red fez, and Herman felt somewhat disappointed. He had expected to see a magnificently attired monarch, wearing a turban that blazed with diamonds and with a belt full of pearls and scintillating all around him with other precious stones. The only thing he noticed about the Sultan that seemed to signify his high rank, was an akroote of heron's feathers, fastened to his fez by means of a button of immense dimensions.

As the royal barge passed the warships, the guns thundered out a salute, while the sailors shouted something in Turkish, which Herman was afterwards told, meant, "Long live the Sultan!" A number of other barges followed, almost equalling the great one in splendour of their decorations. They contained the Viziers, Pashas, Beys, and other high court dignitaries, who usually attend the Sultan. Soon they had all passed, and could Herman have accompanied those who followed in the Sultan's train, he would doubtless have seen His Majesty, together with his gorgeous ministers, performing the ceremonies of the Moslem ritual in one

"Does the Sultan go to pray every Friday," he asked Sven.

"Yes," said Sven. "he must go, whoever else stays away. I remember hearing about a Sultan who was doing, being made to get up and ride through the streets to the mosque. He went through all the ceremonies and then died as he was riding back. So you see how strict they are about it."

"These Turks seem very religious—outwardly, at any rate," said Herman, "they are like the Jews in that respect."

"Yes," assented Sven, "they have their fasts and feasts, their prayers and almsgiving, their ceremonial washings, and their pilgrimages, and they carry out the commands of the Koran to the letter. For instance, now, this is the month of Ramadan, and I'll guarantee that not one of the heathen you see on the Golden Horn will eat or drink anything from sunrise to sunset, though they have to work all day in the hot sun. There lots of them will travel over the deserts, and take the risk of being robbed and murdered, or of being starved to death, in order to visit the holy city of Mecca. Those who get through all that come back as proud as peacocks. I remember once seeing an old hajji—as they call them—whose only garment was a dirty old camel skin. Yet he walked the streets of Istanbul as if he imagined he was the owner, and I'll venture to say he wouldn't have given second place to the mightiest Pasha of the Turkish Empire. He had been to Mecca, and had walked seven times round the mosque, had kissed the Black Stone, had drunk the waters of the sacred well of Zemzem, which Moslems think washes away sins, had buried the hair of his ankh and the locks of his hair in consecrated ground, had thrown stones on the three mysterious pillars from the summit of Mount Ararat, and in consequence, he reckoned himself among the great ones of the earth."

"These Mohammedans, seemingly, have to do some queer things in order to be great," said Herman, "but what good can it do them to kiss a black stone?"

"Well, they say it was a white one once upon a time," said Sven, "but the kisses of millions of pilgrims have turned it black. I don't know how true that is, but I am inclined to think that some of

less becoming a more devoted Mussulman counts for anything. What impresses me, however, is the fact that so many, year after year, will undertake long journeys through deserts infested by wild beasts and robbers, cheerfully enduring all the hardships they meet with, in order to kiss that old stone."

"They must think they will win heaven by so doing," said Herman, "and for that object, I suppose, men would do almost anything."

"I suppose they would," said Sven, "and that reminds me of a yarn I once heard, about a man who lived around these parts a few centuries ago. First he lived in a hole in the ground for a number of years, and then, getting dissatisfied with that mode of residing, he built a high column and perched himself on it for a few more years. He didn't seem to be any nearer to Heaven than before. However, he wasn't till he came down and began to work for his living like ordinary folks, that he found any joy in life, or got any hope of Heaven. So you see that makes me think that men are not required to go on pilgrimages or shut themselves up in monasteries in order to reach Heaven, and that God is better pleased with them if they do a man's work in the world, and share the burdens of their brothers."

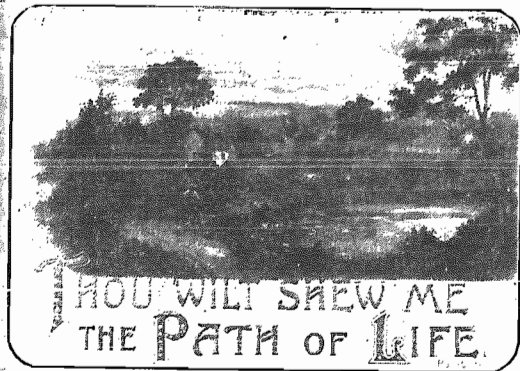
From the foregoing, our readers must not imagine that either Sven or Herman were converted. Sven was a superstitious, yet an intelligent and observant sailor, rather fond of religious arguments at times, while Herman was an imaginative Jewish lad, with his mind stored with the literature of the Hebrew race as well as with the precepts and doctrines of the New Testament.

As yet, Herman's belief in Christ was only a vague sort of belief which did not save him from falling into gross and open sin, while Sven's belief was not much higher than a heathen's faith in a deity, as we saw by his thinking that the ship of the cross would set him free from the curse him from evil. Yet both of them had a reverence for holy things, and at times had flashes of inspiration which would certainly have led them to amend their ways, had they been willing to walk in truth. But like so many others, they missed the voice of conscience, were bent aside into darkness.

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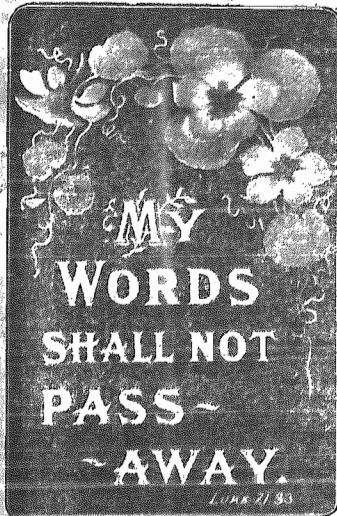
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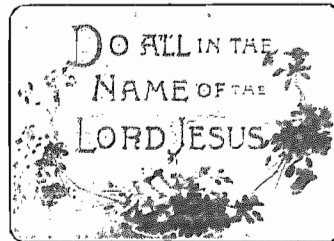
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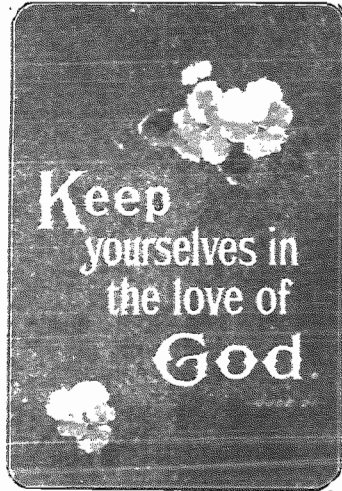
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No. 440.



No. 443.



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No. 443.—CLOVER SERIES.—Size 9½ by 6½. Corded. A pretty series of Texts with Floral Sprays. Texts blocked in silver. Texts: "I will trust and not be afraid;" "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus;" "He is our Rock and our salvation;" "I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy." Price, each.....**15c.**

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Holiness.

Tunes.—Come, comrades dear, B. B., 13C; He lives, B.B., 13B.

O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings.
It gives my ray-shed soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus, priests and kings.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favoured with God's peculiar smile;
With every blessing blest.
There dwells the Lord our Righteous-
ness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

Tunes.—Congress, 28, C and Eb; Con-
ference, 27; Song Book, No. 378.

What is salvation's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For 'tis, to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

I wait till He shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart;
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

Be it according to Thy word,
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive Thee,
Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in!

Free and Easy.

Tunes.—Saloon Street, 67, C and Eb;
They're going to Zion, 70; Song Book,
53B.

Ark, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
To your arms, the foe is nigh
The powers of Hell surround.

How to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare!
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war.

All power to Him is given,
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and Heaven
Are all in Jesus' name.

Tune.—Poor old Joe, 179, Eb; Song
Book, No. 522.

All round the world The Army
chariot rolls,
All round the world the Lord is
singing souls:
All round the world our Soldiers will
be brave,
Around our colours we will rally—
wave, Soldiers, wave.

All round the world the Saviour's
Blood shall flow,
All round the world we will to battle
go;
All round the world, the universe to
save,
With Blood and Fire, with faith and
feeling—wave, Soldiers, wave.

Salvation.

Tune.—I stand all bewildered with
Wonder.

Oh, sinner, give heed to the
warning—
The day of eternity's near!
Why are you so foolishly scorning
The love of a Saviour so dear?

Chorus.

Wake up, ere you swell the sad
slumber—
Arise, and for heaven prepare!
Wake up, ere you swell the sad
number
Who slink to eternal despair!

You may bring forth many excuses,
Why you do not seek God and
pray—
But, oh, when you face the great
Judgment
They'll not clear your soul on that
day.

Tune.—Depth of Mercy, 80.

Depth of mercy! Can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?

Amidst the Pines at Dufferin Grove.

GREAT ANNUAL

Camp Meetings

WILL BE HELD AT

Dufferin Grove, Toronto,

(North of College Street),

June 19th to July 5th.

PRELIMINARY PROGRAMME OF EVENTS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19th.—GRAND OPENING CEREMONY. The Chief Secretary in command, assisted by Territorial Headquarters' Staff. The Staff Band will render special programme.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20th.—A DAY OF SALVATION, conducted by COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS, assisted by Colonel and Mrs. Mapp, Headquarters' Staff, Territorial Staff Band, and Male Voice Choir. Meetings at 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 21st.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin and Brigadier Adby will give stirring addresses. Adjutant McElheney and Riverdale Corps Band and Songsters and others will assist.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22nd.—Major and Mrs. Plant's farewell to Canada. The Evangel of Music and Song—Two hours of musical delight.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23rd.—Major Cameron (with women Cadets) assisted by Captain Weir, West Toronto Band and Soldiers. The Major will deliver a special evangelistic address.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24th.—Musical Festival by the Territorial Staff Band. A splendid programme will be presented. Lieut.-Colonel Howell, Leader; Brigadier Morris, Bandmaster.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25th.—Holiness Convention, led by Brigadier Potter and Major Miller, assisted by Adjutant Hancock, Lippincott Corps and Band.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26th.—GREAT INTERNATIONAL MEETING—an interesting, spectacular service, conducted by the Chief Secretary, assisted by Brigadier Bond.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26th.—COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS will lead three meetings, at 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m., assisted by the Chief Secretary and Headquarters' Staff. The Staff Band will furnish music.

MONDAY, JUNE 28th.—A unique service, including first festival by the Territorial Young People's Band (25 performers); Commissioning of Bandmaster, Presentation of Colours and commissions to members, Appointment and Commissioning of Local Officers. The Chief Secretary in Command, assisted by Major W. Creighton.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29th.—A special address, "The Dance of Salome," by Lieut.-Colonel Southall. The Colonel will be assisted in the service by Major Phillips, Adjutant Kendall, and Temple Corps, Band and Soldiers.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30th.—A night of varieties—art, music and oratory—conducted by Brigadier Bond, assisted by Ensign Trickey, Ligar Street Corps and Band.

THURSDAY, JULY 1st.—DOMINION DAY. A day of special features. All the city bands will take prominent part. Meetings at 11 a.m., 3, and 7 p.m.

FRIDAY, JULY 2nd.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin and Brigadier Rawling, assisted by Adjutant Mercer, Dovercourt Corps and Band. The Colonel will deliver a special address on Holiness.

SATURDAY, JULY 3rd.—Cadets' Night. Brigadier Taylor in command, assisted by Wychwood Corps and Band.

SUNDAY, JULY 4th.—Bright, breezy, edifying meetings at 11 a.m., 3, and 7 p.m. The Staff Band will render a special musical programme in the afternoon.

MONDAY, JULY 5th.—GRAND FINALE. Great array of talent. The 44th Anniversary of The Army's inception will be fittingly celebrated, under the direction of Colonel Mapp (the Chief Secretary.)

EXCELLENT STREET CAR SERVICE.

The College, Carlton, and Bloor and McCaul cars stop at Camp Grounds. Week-day Services Commence at 7, 30 p.m.

Special Note.—Tent accommodation will be provided on the grounds for Officers, Soldiers, and friends. For full particulars apply early, to Brigadier Taylor, 135 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Chorus.

God is love, I know, I feel!
Jesus lives and loves me all!

Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.

Captain Bunton—West Ont. Prov.—
Palmerston, June 2, 4; Guelph,
June 5-7; Hespeler, June 8, 9; Berlin,
June 10, 11; Galt, June 12-14; Paris,
June 15, 16.

Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—
Brookville, June 4, 5, 6; Pre-
cott, June 7; Morrisburg, June 8-10;
Cornwall, June 11-13.

Col. and Mrs. Mapp

will conduct
Special Week-End Meetings
at

MONTREAL I.—Saturday (Indian
Lecture) and Sunday, June 5th and
6th.
MONTREAL II.—Monday, June 7th,
Indian Lecture.

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER

will visit

**NORTH HEAD—Saturday and Sun-
day, June 5th and 6th.**
**DIGBY—Saturday and Sunday, June
12th and 13th.**
TRURO—Thursday, June 17th.
SHELBORNE—Friday, June 18th.
**YARMOUTH—Saturday and Sunday,
June 19th and 20th.**

BRIGADIER COLLIER

will visit

ST. JOHN V.—Sunday June 6th.
United Meeting Monday, June 7th.
BEAR RIVER—Friday, June 11th.
WINDSOR, Saturday and Sunday,
June 12th and 13th.
KEMPTOWN—Monday, June 14th.
**BRIDGETOWN—Tuesday and Wed-
nesday, June 15th and 16th.**
ST. JOHN III.—Sunday, June 20th.
United Meeting, Monday, June 21st.

MAJOR AND MRS. T. PLANT

From International Headquarters,
London, England; Musical Wre-
ders, world-wide travellers, Song-
sters and Instrumentalists, will
visit the following Corps, conduct-
ing a unique Musical Demonstra-
tion entitled, "Round the World in
a Chariot of Music and Song!"—

Chester—June 3, 4.
Ligar Street—June 5, 6, and 7.
Riverdale Church Meeting—June 8.
Swans—June 10, 11.
Lippincott Street—June 12, 13, 14.
Reid Avenue Church—June 15.
Ligar Street, Church Meeting—June
17.
Yorkville, Church Meeting—June 18.
Temple—June 19, 20, 21.
Camp Meetings—June 22.

MAJOR SIMCO

will visit

Dresden—June 9th, to June 22nd.
Petrolia—June 26th, to July 6th.

The Revival and Musical Tre.

(Led by Adjutant Habrick)

will visit.

Kinmount—June 3, 4.
Hallburton—June 5, 6, 7.
Hallburton—June 5, 6, 7.
Orillia—June 8, 9.
Gravenhurst—June 10, 11.
Bark's Falls—June 12, 13, 14.
North Bay—June 15, 16.
Cobalt—June 17, 18.
Haleybury—June 19, 20, 21.
New Liskeard—June 22, 23, 24.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Glikinson, Eastern Prov.—
New Glasgow, June 3, 4; Hants
June 5, 6; Charlottetown, June 7, 8;
Summerside P. E. I., June 11; Mon-
ton, June 12-11; Chatham, June 15;
16; Newcastle, June 17, 18; Campbell-
ton, June 19, 20; Dalhousie, June 21;
Bel River, June 22; Bathurst, June 23;
Cape Breton, June 24, 25, 26, 27.
Captain Backus, Eastern Prov.—
Keewille, June 2-6; Bridgewater,
June 7-9; Annapolis, June 10-11; New
River, June 14, 15; Digby, June 16;
20; St. John I., June 22; St. John II.,
June 23; St. John III., June 24; St. John
IV., June 25, 26, 27; Carleton, June 28; Pictou,
June 29.
Captain Lloyd, West Ont. Prov.—
Dundas, June 4.